

# The TATLER

Vol. CLV. No. 2014

London  
January 31, 1940



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# The TATTLER

Vol. CLV. No. 2014. London, January 31, 1940

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LADY IRONSIDE: WIFE OF THE C.I.G.S.

*Yevonde, Berkeley Square*

The former Miss Mariot Ysobel Cheyne, daughter of the late Charles Cheyne of the Indian Staff Corps, was married to Sir Edmund Ironside (Brevet Colonel Ironside as he then was) in the second year of the last war, and has since then seen her husband rise steadily by way of his brilliant though necessarily unsuccessful Archangel campaign of 1918-19 and many other important and responsible posts at home and out East, as well as a governorship of Gibraltar during which he re-established the impregnable reputation of the Rock, to his present key position in the second German war





GENERAL AND MRS. J. C. SMUTS AT GROOTE SCHUUR—CECIL RHODES'S OLD HOME

The Prime Minister of South Africa's very firm rebuke to his predecessor was exactly what most people would have expected of him in these present conditions. General Hertzog believes that South Africa can remain neutral in this war and General Smuts knows

THE war is shaping in spite of the "Wolf, Wolf!" smoke screens laid by Germany, and of hares loosed by "amateur strategists such as Mr. Lloyd George, Captain Liddell-Hart and 'Scrutator'" who, according to General Lethbridge Alexander, "wield facile pens" without having accumulated the humdrum knowledge possessed by field marshals concerning "feasibility from the point of view of supply and communications." When "Lady Blimp" whispered to me nearly three months ago "Keep your eye on Norway," her own was not as far out as TATLER readers thought. It was Her Ladyship's inconsequent obsession with fiords as potential battlefields which led me to write "the Oslo Powers would have saved their bacon better—and the world's—by coming out strongly democratic rather than strongly neutral." When the biggest bug in Britain told them so on the wireless I fairly yodelled "Sitting on the Fence," that pointed ditty from the Whitehall Theatre. They may listen to Winston. Hore-Belisha listened to Captain Liddell-Hart, whose "defensive war" influence diminished when the former went; it never appealed *in toto* to Sir Edmund Ironside. The I.G.S. has to weigh the psychological danger created by

## And the World Said—



CAPTAIN AND MRS. RONALD TOD

Before her marriage in Edinburgh last December Mrs. Tod was Miss Camille Strutt-Irwin, and has been on the stage both in this country and in America, and is the daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Reginald Strutt-Irwin, Black Watch, and a connexion of the Duchess of Norfolk. Captain Tod is in another equally famous Highland regiment

that her safety is bound up with that of the whole British Empire. Groote Schuur is the official residence of the Prime Ministers of South Africa and is the former home of the great Empire builder, Cecil Rhodes, to whom General Smuts has just been likened

their policy of inertia against the danger of failing to sustain a diversion such as Gallipoli. The French, who have not forgotten that their ace, General Weygand, is commanding in Syria (where the Allied Forces could be augmented by the Indian and Australian Armies) would like to see an Allied squadron make its appearance in the Black Sea, and another blockading Murmansk. Left-hand quibblers maintain that the ethics of taking action against Russia depend on the contents of Seeds Catalogue; actually such an undertaking must turn on expediency. To intervene, or to send supplies, that is the question. An early volunteer was one of Field Marshal Mannerheim's former officers, Colonel Paul Rodzianko, husband of Anita Leslie whose father, Shane Leslie, has instituted a brilliant skit on the mushroom news-letters entitled "Dr. Shane Leslie's Occasional News-letter for Lonely Women." He will post these in exchange for donations to a war charity. Subjects illuminated by this gentle satirist have included "Blackouts in Eire," "Evacuation of Parrots," "My Nurse Nursed Goering," "Cambridge in Wartime," "Mrs. Beeton's Recipes for Cooking Vermin in Wartime," and "The Old Bores Almanack," incorporating hints from the stars.



"Dr." Leslie says lively, rather than lonely, women constitute his subscribers. Commander King-Hall's were vastly entertained by his translation of the Belisha abdication into domestic terms, with a registry office setting. His review of the Finnish theatre was *banale* by comparison. On the day when ambulances and their drivers, under the command of Newcastle's energetic Miss Mary Runciman, were wished good luck and good-bye in a sensitive speech by Princess Alice, the Finnish Minister's house was filled with well-wishers including the Duchess of Northumberland (magnificent in F.A.N.Y. great coat) Freda, Lady Forres, Mrs. Bertie Stern and rosy Commandant Pierret of the French Military Mission, whose English is infinitely better than the B.B.C.'s. Every one was asking "Can they hold out?" meaning the Finns not the F.A.N.Y. about whose resistance there can be no doubts. A high military authority observed that when Mr. Chamberlain promises "considerable material aid" it means more than it sounds—the P.M.'s mastery of understatement being unequalled outside Belgium where, with a phlegm no longer characteristic of Great Britain, Brussels' *Le Soir* announced in small print on page three the calling up of all reservists in the last crisis. As this either represents superb nonchalance or, by treating history as an obscure football match, a wish to placate the irascible Reich; it has gone into my scrap book. Lady Jersey's scrap book includes the cable from her secretary received when attending a family reunion in the U.S.A. on September 1—"117 children 14 nuns arrived don't worry." Do you wonder she caught the next boat for England, home and duty? (According to his cousin "Ronnie" Tritton, Lord Acton is now unable to enter his own house, having loaned Aldenham Park to a community of nuns.) Another scrap-book enthusiast, Colonel Arthur Evans, who



BLENHEIM ON THE ICE!

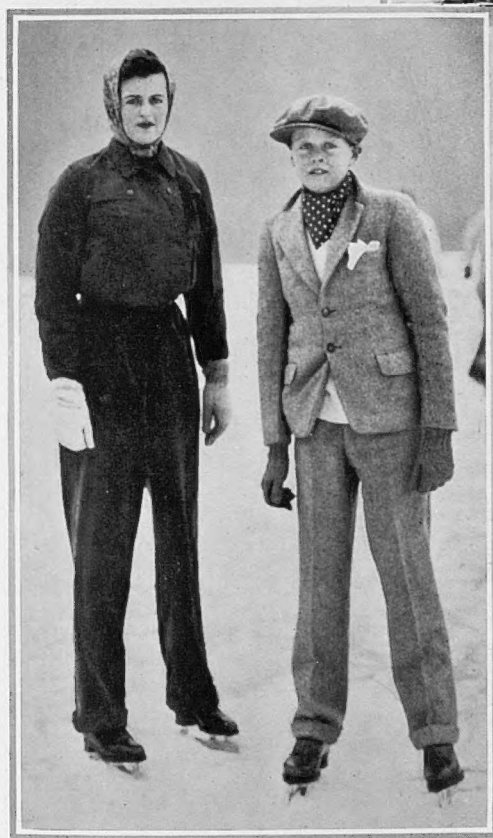
Lady Penelope Herbert, Lord Carnarvon's daughter, putting the skids on her brother, Lord Porchester, during the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's skating weekend on the Blenheim lake

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH  
WAITS FOR IT

Blenheim is "somewhere in England" and its name links up with the greatest of the House so perhaps the censor may not demur? Their Graces' weekend was greatly enjoyed by one and all, including the Malvern boys who are housed at Blenheim

assiduously collects his press cuttings, was mentioned recently by Lord Haw-Haw who, to the amusement of those who attended the Oslo Conference last year, has invented a *froidueur* between the British and French delegations on that occasion. "Poor Haw-Haw must be hard up!" was Captain Arthur Marsden's comment as he dispensed "full

over-statement. Miss Mala Brand, Surrey pig fancier, called at Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith's house with a carefully authenticated complaint to which the Minister for Agriculture is "giving his close attention." Meanwhile pigs and poultry are being slaughtered mainly because the town councils neglected to organize the collection of kitchen waste. Nor have they bothered about waste paper. The Salvage Director of the Minister of Supply wrung his hands, and the only member who was waste-conscious as long ago as September, is Sir Percy Harris who, amid multiple activities, encouraged garbage-minded ratepayers to harry their borough councils. Nothing has been done in Marylebone where the leisured Member should have given a lead. In Mayfair the restaurant boom expands, Jules Hotel restaurant being in vogue again for dancing. And Prunier's is very apt for lunch. The Duchess of Gloucester was there, eating a trout dish on which she congratulated the *chef*. Lord Dufferin is another patron of the French fish house where smoked trout goes well with snow in the air. The whole world, incorporating Newmarket, lunches at the Ritz, both up and downstairs. This swing back was never more noticeable than on the day when Colonel Charles Gerard (the dashing new P.M.) held the strategic table with his decorative wife and Baroness Cederström. Lady Rosemary Jeffreys and husband were with Sir Gifford Fox and wife in a window; the Duke of Marlborough was in the hall magnificently be-furred—also the Howlands (to whom

LADY SARAH CHURCHILL AND  
HER BROTHER, LORD BLANDFORD

The two eldest of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's family of four, Lord Blandford being the only son and a lower boy at Eton. He was born in 1926. Lady Sarah Churchill is five years older



## And the World said—*continued*

congratulations on the birth of a future duke); the popular Robin Barnes-Gorrels (up from the country lunching with Cyril Akroyd); Hilton Philipson with his pretty, eighteen-year-old daughter, just engaged; Lady Brownlow with her sister; Lord Forteviot with one of his; the Duchess of Norfolk with her mother and small half-brother Neil Primrose who, to the amusement of Lady Stanley, knelt on the floor bang in the middle of the *tapis* and read a comic paper; sublimely unconscious of his elders and the surroundings. Later I met the Warden Gilchris's small boy carrying three hot water bottle covers, knitted by himself, to the Finland Fund at 9 Upper Belgrave Street, while the son of Thelma, Lady Furness was seen returning from a meeting of the Dogs of the Blind, his particular enthusiasm. A blind man having demonstrated how easily he can get about London led by a dog, "Tony" got his mother to take two puppies for six months until they are ready for training. Lady Furness was at Luigi's where the Duke and Duchess of Kent dined with Sir Harold Wernher, Lady Milford Haven, and a Polish couple. Later they danced at The 400 where usuals included Lady Veronica Hornby, the Harrovian Ford Brothers, Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower and Miss Peggie Johnson who had come on from the Café de Paris where the Frank Stanley Clarkes, Arthur Smith-Binghams and "Toby" Waddingtons were dining. The Duchess of Kent, who looked even more exquisite than ever with a black *filet* over her back hair, has since been bereaved by the untimely death of her uncle, Prince Christopher of Greece, whose autobiography disclosed an enchanting personality. The night scene is nowhere more lively than on Sundays at Quaglino's.

Every one wears what he pleases and Sir "Jock" Buchanan-Jardine pleases the eye by wearing a dinner jacket; that popular sailor, Commander "Jimmy" Dugdale, dines with the New York and Nassau fascinator, Mrs. Lancing Arno; Comtesse (Phyllis) de Janzé, Eileen Bennett Marsh and Leonora Corbett sumptuously minked, also play.

Play and good works combine in Sydney where social life retains a vigorous *tempo*—six things in a day—mercifully absent from wartime London. Lady Muriel Barclay-Harvey (whose husband, the Laird of Dinnet, is the Governor of South Australia); Lady Gowrie (wife of the Governor-General); Lady Dugan (Victoria); Lady Wakehurst (N.S.W.); Lady Clarke (Tasmania); Lady Wilson (Queensland) and Mrs. R. G. Menzies, wife of the Federal P.M., met at the Federal capital, Canberra, to make Red Cross plans; on the same day a mammoth fair was held in Sydney for the Lord Mayor's Fund. After the Red Cross conference over fifteen hundred people paid to see the grounds of Yarralumla, the fabulous gardens, and the extensions made to Government House for the Kents. Australia's Palm Beach is at the

heat of the season, with parties galore for war charities and débutantes. Its Pacific Club is the gossip valve where topics include the marriage of Mrs. Robin Wilson's mother to the coal magnate Sir Stephenson Kent; the engagement of Janet Nelson of Queensland to John Kershaw of Brook Park, Flintshire, Wales, and of Nancy Spicer of Wahroonga to Caryl Bagot of Shropshire, heir-presumptive to his cousin Lord Bagot of Blithfield. The invasion of England by beautiful Australian wives is always welcome! My correspondent finds Australians even more fashion conscious than Americans. He signals a new swim suit from Honolulu printed with the title of an American song banned in Australia, and—horror of horrors—dinner jackets in russet and pearl-grey worn at Prince's by individuals who evidently feel aggrieved at the fuss made by the fair over members of H.M. Forces in mess kit. In one party there were white ties, black ties, mess jackets, officers, privates and a cavalryman. Sydney's night *tempo* is hectic. Fashions at first nights such as *Under Your Hat* (with clever Edwin Styles in Jack Hulbert's shoes), *Yes, My Darling Daughter* and *Gaslight* may come here in time—dark evening skirts with bright throttle-neck blouses, "amusing" jewellery including tinkling bibs, and *lamé* turbans and hooded capes. Seen around Sydney—Tony Horden of Milton Park, Bowral, whose Davos-skier sister, Mary, is driving for the R.A.F. in England; applauding the Mills Bros., the G.G.'s former extra A.D.C., Hugo Brassey, and "Sue" Other-Gee who is engaged to Lord Huntly's brother, Lord Adam Gordon; Sir Frederick and Lady Jordan at a diplomatic party; the Colin Wyatts at Lady Fairfax's children's party, eyeing a miniature Cresta in the garden with John Laidley who rode at St. Moritz in '31 and '37;

Marie Burke and her husband, Guy Nelson King, giving a cocktail party to which went Peter Lubbock; and Mrs. Eric Fischer (Helene Kirsova of the Ballet) at the Warwick Fairfax's terrifically exclusive dinner dance. Parties on their terrace, where the pillars are heavy with vines and the oleander bushes floodlit from sunken mines, recall Palm Beach (Fla.) only the women are lovelier and younger. The loveliest wedding dress of the winter/summer was made of the same brocaded daisies as the Duchess of Kent's, and worn by Isabel Platt Hepworth whose bridegroom is in the Royal Australian Staff Corps. Every one is "in" something. A decontamination squad display on Bondi Parade (which resembles the front at Brighton) was watched by thousands of surf riders in next-to-nothing suits. A comic contrast. Why Australia bothers with A.R.P. beats us.

\* \* \*

The Dowager Lady Swaythling, President of the Electrical Association for Women, opened last week at 20 Regent Street a catering kitchen which is an excellent example of a small industrial kitchen combining the work of cooking and the serving of food.



BRITAIN'S NUMBER ONE TENNIS STAR WEDS

Miss Kay Stammers, Britain's top ranking lady "tennis" (as they say in the States) became Mrs. Michael Menzies last week when she was married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, to the younger son of the late Mr. F. Graham Menzies and of Mrs. Menzies of 37 Chesham Place, S.W. The bridegroom is serving in the Welsh Guards, and a distinguished military and sporting gathering was seen at the reception which was held at his mother's house

Some more pictures of this event will be found on the opposite page



# AT THE MENZIES-STAMMERS WEDDING RECEPTION



MRS. HUBERT STAMMERS,  
MRS. GRAHAM MENZIES  
AND MRS. JOHNSTONE



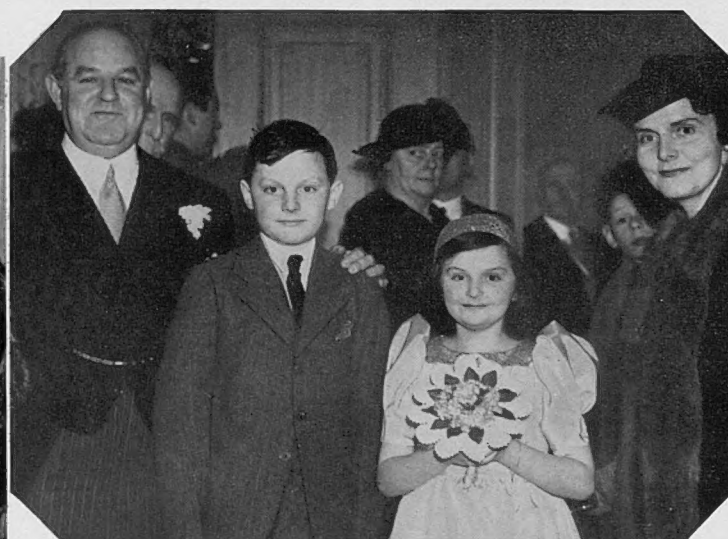
LORD AND LADY PORTARLINGTON



MRS. C. P. BRUTTON, THE MATRON  
OF HONOUR, AND THE BRIDE



SERGEANT GILBERT ELLIOT  
AND MRS. MICHAEL STRATTON



SIR ALBERT STERN, DAVID AND PAT STERN  
(A BRIDESMAID) AND LADY STERN



CAPTAIN AND MRS.  
DE WINTON WILLIS

The world's No. 2 lady lawn tennis player and her bridegroom appear on the page facing this one, taken just after their wedding at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. The pictures above were taken at the subsequent reception at 27 Chesham Place. It was a big concentration as was only to be anticipated, but would have been twice as big if so many of the bride's and bridegroom's friends were not away and occupied upon affairs of great weight and importance. Kay Stammers is so popular that every one who knows her would most certainly have been there to wish her joy if they could possibly have managed it. In the recent American lawn tennis world rankings Kay Stammers is placed second to America's Alice Marble, a position our star performer amply merits. Mrs. Hubert



CAPTAIN D. H. STACEY, SQUADRON LEADER CAVENDISH  
MR. OWEN ROBERTS, MR. MICHAEL MENZIES (THE  
BRIDEGROOM), MR. ANGUS MENZIES (THE BEST MAN)

Photos: Swaebe

Stammers, the bride's mother, is in one of the pictures at the top with the bridegroom's mother Mrs. F. Graham Menzies, and Mrs. Johnstone, who is in the same group, is an aunt of the bridegroom, who is serving in the Welsh Guards and was supported by his brother Mr. Angus Menzies as best man, and also by a goodly sprinkling of brother officers from the Brigade of Guards; for some of them helping the bridegroom to have one for the road see the picture at the bottom. The bride and her matron of honour, the former Miss Jackie McAlpine, are seen doing very much the same thing in the right-hand picture at the top. There were two children bridesmaids, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Albert and Lady Stern's little girl Pat, and Suzanne Curchod who is a cousin of the bride



# THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Blackout at the Odeon

WAS the unhappy ending to *The Stars Look Down* inevitable? It was certainly a deeply moved house which watched this film the other evening at the Odeon. But it was also a very thin house—which is remarkable when one remembers the tremendous audiences for Dr. Cronin's previous film, *The Citadel*. I think the smallness of the audience must have been due less to the blackout outside the theatre than to the blackout inside. For news about a film has a way of getting around in no time, and besides a lot of people must already have read the novel, though I, to my shame, cannot remember having done so. My own view of Dr. Cronin as a novelist is that he knows how to tell a first-class story, but delivers it in a fifth-rate, cliché-ridden style, and having experimented sufficiently with his works, I now know that I shall read no more Cronin until somebody brings out an edition with the clichés removed.

Now let us go back to the beginning. I went to see the film at the Odeon in the company of a young intellectual, and later, at Rule's, over an excellent supper, was plunged into a dispute in which more than gravy was in danger of being spilled. My young intellectual was already in a soggy state, having wept uninterruptedly towards the end of the film for at least twenty minutes. Now since it is inconceivable that Bloomsbury should confess unadulterated schoolboy boohooing, some excuse had to be found for this surrender to naked emotion. For, of course, no modern Bloomsburyite is going to admit that he has been more moved by something on the second plane of art than he would have been by something on the first. I, myself, was almost equally moved, while being ashamed at one and the same time of myself, Dr. Cronin, and the whole business. I admit to liking "a good cry" in the cinema or the theatre. But unlike my young intellectual, I do not pretend to justify this. My complaint, if it is a complaint, about this film is briefly this: That it is not tragedy, but melodrama with an unhappy ending. That melodramas should not end unhappily, since bare-faced assaults on the emotions are impermissible unless they are attended by the exhilaration of tragedy—which exhilaration, said William Archer, though inexplicable is always present in true tragedy. That the reason for Dr. Cronin's catastrophe is *outside* the people whom it befalls, the miners losing their lives because of the cupidity of the mine owner in working a seam which he suspects to be dangerous. That this is no more a tragedy than if the miners met their death in a railway accident brought about by railway directors continuing to use worn-out rolling stock.

And here was my young friend's ingenious justification: "Oscar said that all art is perfectly useless. Tragedy, in so far as it purges the mind by pity and terror, serves a distinct purpose. Tragedy, therefore, is less good art than melodrama which does nothing whatever except give one the fun of a good cry!" I replied: "On that basis of reasoning *East Lynne* is a higher form of art than *King Lear*." My friend said: "Any fool knows that! What about some toasted cheese?"

There is, of course, something in my friend's point. One might feel rather "got at" if a happy ending were suddenly superimposed upon the kind of event which does, as we know, often end in the worst way of all. I remember a very nice handling of this delicate point shortly after the last war. It occurred in one of the plays about Old Bill. Old Bill, Alf and Bert were victims of a colliery accident, and there came a scene in the second or third act which showed the trio up to their necks in water. We knew, of course, that they were on the point of being rescued because in the previous scene we had seen the hero, in immaculate evening dress, wielding a pick to that end! The trio, as I say, were up to their necks in water, and an immense hush settled on the audience as they began to sing "Abide With Me." The hymn concluded, there was a pause, after which Alf said: "Say, Bert, is your feet gettin' damp?" Whereat the sobs changed at once into guffaws, which had hardly ended before the wall gave way, and through what Mr. George Carney used to call a "naperture" could be



AT HOLLYWOOD'S TROCADERO

Lyman Fink

Forks certainly flew when Ginger Rogers dined in gay mood with Walter Plunkett at the smart Trocadero restaurant. Ginger's most recent film to be seen over here, which is showing in the suburbs and provinces after a very successful London season is *Bachelor Mother*, in which she is teamed with that very able young English comedian, David Niven, forsaking the all-dancing shows of her former starring partner, Fred Astaire, now making *Broadway Melody of 1940* with Eleanor Powell

seen the diamond gleaming in the rescuing hero's shirt front. The authors of that melodrama, knowing that it was to end happily, took care not to inspissate their woe, whereas Dr. Cronin's film ends unhappily from the very beginning. Nevertheless, I hold for the reasons stated that this is impermissible, and I here set forth the way I would remake the ending. Let the entombed miners be rescued all but one. That single loss will be an acknowledgment to reality while, if the victim be somebody in whom we have no particular interest, our withers will not be unduly wrung. By all the laws which govern art and not the mischances of mining, the young boy who is going to be tried out in next Saturday's big football match must not perish. Neither must he, after being entombed for five days, achieve prodigies of centre-forward valour. But he should and must look on at the game wanly, and with a knowledge that the spring still holds many Saturday afternoons.

A superb piece of acting comes from Mr. Edward Rigby, an actor who has never in his life let down a play or a part. I suspect Mr. Rigby's trouble to have been that the modern drama is not up to his weight, which explains why we so often see him fobbed off with cabmen and night porters. Miss Nancy Price, too, gives an excellent, unforced performance; there is no suggestion, for once in a way, that Queen Elizabeth has come to spend a night at Whiteoaks. Mr. Michael Redgrave will not be a good film actor until he learns lip control. In addition, he photographs badly. Or is it that Hollywood is right in giving us good-lookingers who can be made to seem to act, whereas this country is wrong in screening actors who cannot be made to seem good-looking? I did not believe in one single moment of Mr. Emlyn Williams's performance, although I might have done if the venue had been South Wales instead of Cumberland. Miss Margaret Lockwood plays the unsympathetic heroine and does full justice to that thoroughly common little hussy. But the best actor of all is the mine itself. This justifies the film and excuses the tepid, irrelevant love interest.

Entertainment with the punch of a front page story comes to the screen with *News is Made at Night*, featuring Preston Foster and talented Lynn Bari, which was generally released by Twentieth Century-Fox on January 29. Alfred Werker's direction extracts the utmost excitement and suspense from a crisp and clever script.





SOCIETY  
PORTRAITURE  
IN THIS  
WARTIME  
LONDON



LADY FRANCKENSTEIN, WIFE OF  
THE FORMER AUSTRIAN MINISTER

Faye

Bassano

LADY HOWE AND  
HER DAUGHTER,  
LADY FRANCES  
CURZON

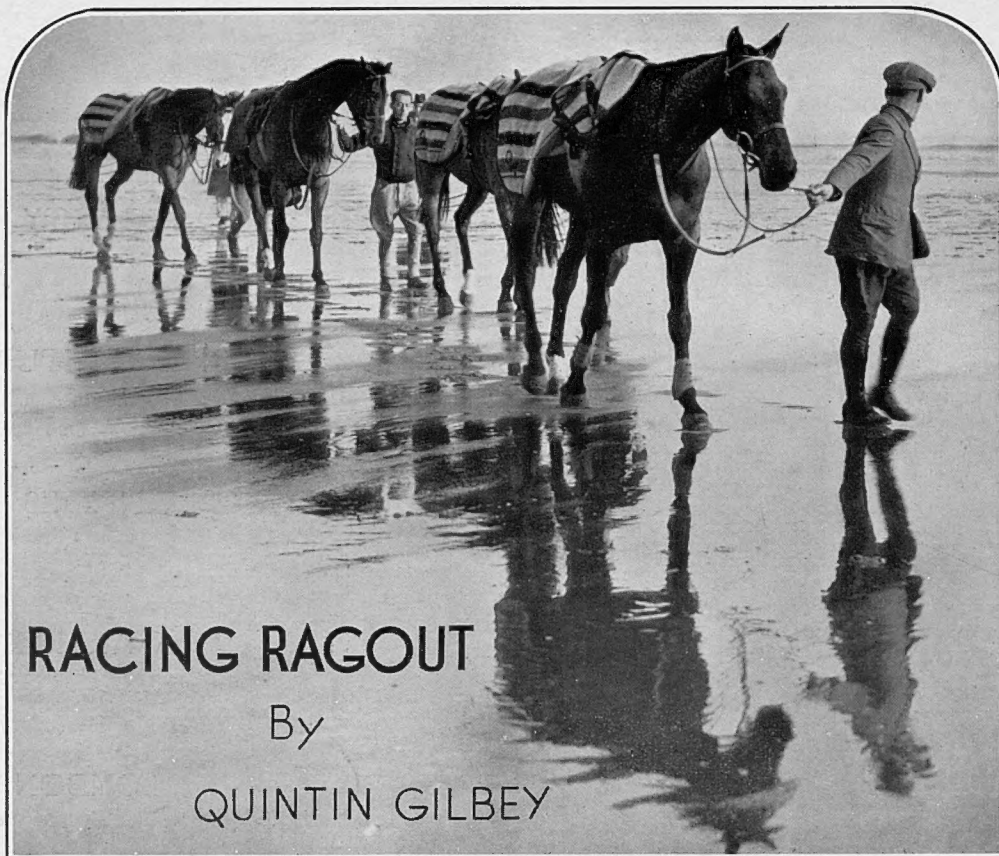
Lord Howe's second wife, whom he married in 1937, is the former Miss Joyce McLean Jack, and the small daughter seen in the picture arrived on the scene in this troublous world last year. Lady Franckenstein, wife of the former Austrian Minister to London from dismembered Austria, was married in August last year and was then Miss Editha Keppel King. Sir George Franckenstein, formerly Baron Georg Von und Zu Franckenstein, was made a G.C.V.O. on becoming a British subject. He has just had published a most interesting autobiography, "Facts and Features of My Life." Lady Blane is the widow of the late Commander Sir Charles Rodney Blane, the fourth and last baronet, who was killed at the Battle of Jutland. Lady Blane is an untiring worker for the Y.M.C.A.



LADY BLANE WHO IS WORKING  
HARD FOR THE Y.M.C.A.

Vivienne





## RACING RAGOUT

By

QUINTIN GILBEY

REDUCED TO THIS—EVEN IN IRELAND!

Candidates engaged in Eire's biggest cross-country contest, the Red Cross 'Chase, at Leopardstown, the exact date of which is still doubtful at the time this goes to press. It was postponed from January 20 to January 27. The steeds seen above are Jack Chaucer, Bally Hopeful, and Ballyhooley, and the place Portmarnock. This 'chase may be a good line to our Grand National when it is run, for it is a very high-class field

FROM time to time I do receive the oddest of requests, but here and now I must inform you that I have no sort of influence with the Archbishop of Canterbury and it's absolutely no use writing to me requesting me to get you on the committee the archbishop is proposing to form to watch over the morals of the troops. The fact that one of my correspondents served as a dance hostess at the Bag of Nails will, I fear, cut very little ice with the archbishop, though personally I can well believe she is admirably fitted for the job. I have always believed that a man's morals only concerned two people—himself and the object of his affections, though if the lady is married the husband may consider he has some slight say in the matter. Anyhow, if these long winter evenings in the blackout have caused an inordinate amount of wartime friendships to develop beyond the platonic stages, surely it is up to the commanding officer to give a little fatherly advice; and there is no necessity for the bishops, who for all their admirable qualities are not exactly men of the world, to come butting in. If any such committee is necessary—and, personally, I don't think it is—I should like to see it composed of such stalwarts as Major Carlos Clarke, Lord Tennyson, Captain McDougal and my esteemed colleague, "Guardrail." Another bishop to force his way into the public eye recently was the Bishop of Birmingham, who is all for us calling off the blockade and allowing food to enter Germany, but as the leader writer in my favourite daily pointed out, it was Goering and not Mr. Chamberlain who decided to put guns before butter. The Germans have only got to scrap their guns to have all the butter they want. The bishops wouldn't like it one little bit if Lord Gort, General Ironside and Mr. R. H. Cross came butting into their affairs and cancelled next Wednesday's choir practice and altered the date of the Mothers' Union meeting. Every man to his own job, and as Stanley Wootton once said to someone who "touted" him about one of his horses, "You mind your business and I'll mind mine."

With no racing, no hunting and precious little war, except at sea, there hasn't been much to get worked up about recently. Mr. Churchill's speech, however, could not have failed to arouse enthusiasm in even the most war-bored breast, and one might have imagined would have done the Allied cause more good with the neutrals than even the sinking of the *Graf Spee*. The neutrals, however, appear far too busy watching

which way the cat will jump to be aroused to enthusiasm by the words of any British statesman. They know that if the Allies win they will anyhow be treated decently, but if Germany wins and they've shown sympathy with the Allies, then unspeakable things will happen to them.

All forms of outdoor sports except football, which for the moment has entirely lost its hold on the public, and greyhound racing, have been at a standstill, and only those trainers who have straw beds in their yards have been able to work their horses at all. When eventually we do get racing again we shall see some strange apparitions and some astounding results. Fancy backing a horse that's hardly been out of his box for over a month, to win a three miles' 'chase in "going" over his fetlocks. The fact that they'll all more or less be in the same boat won't make winner-finding any easier as all previous form will be completely at a discount. I am afraid this long stoppage will prove the last nail in the coffin of a number of little men who've been trying desperately hard to carry on under great difficulties, since Hitler's behaviour became so insufferable, that even we couldn't stand it any longer, last September. Their only hope has been to win a race, for I know a number of little owners who have told their trainers that they can't be expected to "drop" until their horses had contributed

something towards their keep. The trainers have consented to this precarious arrangement rather than close down altogether, though with oats at thirty-three shillings a quarter and hay at about seven pounds a ton, goodness knows how they do it.

Realizing the enthusiasm the British public has for any form of record, I will relate what I consider must be a unique experience which happened to me the other night. On leaving a night club in Leicester Square in the not-so-early hours, I found my car frozen stiff, and with the help of one little woman I pushed it all the way to Whitehall before it eventually condescended to start. Now I admit that it was mostly downhill, and I am not suggesting that any Herculean strength was required, but where the record comes in is that my companion, who was in evening dress, and was only a slight acquaintance, never once called me or the car a horrid name. I only presume that war which crystallizes those who come within its grip has a softening effect on those who watch it from afar.

A well-meaning lady asked a little boy what he liked doing best. "Shooting cats with my catapult," came the reply. "Oh, that's very cruel. Isn't there anything else you like doing?" asked the well-meaning one. "Yes, chasing little girls, and when I catch them I knock them down, and when I've knocked them down I take away their clothes." "Oh, you shocking little boy! Why ever do you do that?" "To get some more elastic for my catapult."

The announcement that the Derby and the Oaks may be run at Newmarket as was done in the last war occasioned no particular surprise, but that all entries for those events are cancelled certainly did so. If these races are run fresh entries have to be made and bets, if any, are naturally null and void. In addition the whole of the Epsom Spring and Summer programmes have been abandoned and the Kempton Park Easter meeting has met with a similar fate. Further announcements by the stewards of the Jockey Club are promised. National Hunt sport has not, on the other hand, been so greatly interfered with and the Grand National is to be run at Aintree on April 5, and has an entry which is only ten below last year's in number and well up to sample where quality is concerned. During the last German war the National was transferred to Gatwick and in that connexion the late Mrs. Hugh Peel's gallant horse Porthlyn, who won his first National over that course, has just died.



# FROM BERMUDA'S FOUR HUNDRED CORAL ISLES



ABOARD THE S.S. "PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT" EN ROUTE TO BERMUDA  
Mr. Vincent Astor, Princess Kyrrill Scherbatoff, Mme. Selma Borger, and Principe Guido Boncompagni-Ludovici



MISS MELBA LEE, DAUGHTER  
OF MRS. T. WALLACE ORR



MRS. ARTHUR WOOLLEY-HART AND  
MRS. T. WALLACE ORR ABOARD THE  
S.S. "PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT"

Anything that comes from anywhere that is warm and peaceful is bound to make everyone who is neither warm nor peaceful sit up and take a bit of notice. This is not to say that our coral islands naval base can be considered as outside the orbit of bloody war; for this is not so. There are docks and the very necessary supporting fortifications. In view of a recent and very gallant naval action this is all to the good. The long-distance enemy submarine makes it very courageous of anyone who voyages in even a ship named "President Roosevelt." Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Astor, whose beautiful home is pictured at the bottom of this page, seem to be quite serene about things. The Princess Kyrrill



MADAME SELMA BORGER  
AND MR. GEOFFREY DODGE, WHO  
NOW LIVES IN BERMUDA



MR. AND MRS. VINCENT ASTOR'S BEAUTIFUL  
HOUSE IN BERMUDA

Scherbatoff, who is in the group with Mr. Vincent Astor, was formerly Mrs. Adelaide Munroe, and married her present husband last year. Mr. Astor is the present head of the famous Knickerbocker family. Mrs. Woolley-Hart (in another picture) we all know on our side as a most hospitable hostess, and Mrs. Wallace Orr is Canadian-born. Mr. Geoffrey Dodge, seen ashore, made Paris his home-from-home for many years, but now thinks Bermuda a pleasanter place



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING



MME. KUO CHIN CHIU, AUTHORESS  
OF "THE PEACH PATH"

This book by a very charming Chinese lady writer has a message for every woman and a challenge for every man, for she sets out to prove that the hand that rocks the cradle not only rules the world, but is quite capable of rocking it as well. It is published by Methuen's on February 1

in the essentials of religion, that is, I am convinced we are more so—but because people have become bored by the church. And it is easier to forgive and forget an injury than to forgive and forget being bored. Oh, if only cheerfulness were considered next to godliness, instead of being merely clean! For, indeed, it is! I believe it is impossible to quarrel for long with someone whose sense of humour we share, however we may dispute over morals. It is, I am sure, the first essential of a lasting friendship. Without it we are only too prone to worship clay-footed idols and believe, unthinkingly, what we are told, rather than what we see for ourselves. If the German nation had a sense of humour, the world would not be in the mess it is to-day. Laughter would long ago have destroyed their pompous and vindictive ideology, and Hitler and his gang would have been called "crazy," and would merely have given rise to endless jokes—none of which, of course, they would have been able to see, with or without an operation.

Indeed, there is nothing quite so destructive as laughter, if behind the shaft of humour there is the whole essence of truth. A man can ride the wave of anger, but he flounders hopelessly against ridicule. Especially if that ridicule is at the same time an exposure and a criticism. Satire always destroys more effectively than logic; perhaps because logic is, for the average mind, so much more difficult to grasp, appealing as it does to reason only—that Cinderella of the natural emotions. I see that the B.B.C.—always heavy-footed, even along their boringly repetitive idea of light-hearted

## Analysis of Humour.

HOW much more deeply we are attached to someone who makes us laugh than to someone who appeals to our more earnest side! I think it is easy to understand. Life itself is earnest enough, and there is nothing quite so wearisome to the spirit as undue earnestness, whether it be circumstances or other people. Circumstances we cannot always control, but the trouble with too-earnest people is that they are usually so serious over things which are of no lasting importance, beginning with themselves. Without a sense of humour, life would be something far worse than death; it would be "dead" from the start. The trouble with religion is that it has concentrated so much upon the after-life that it has cast a shadow over this one. The reason why people go less often to church is, I believe, not because we are less religious—

entertainment—is to answer the absurd "Lord Haw-Haw" of the Hamburg radio station by an exposure of his silly statements. It would be more effective to put him into a variety hour and let Mr. Gillie Potter deal with him. But what a sense of humour is, it is impossible to state absolutely. Like charm, it is there or it isn't; and the how and why and because are felt without ever being understood.

Probably Mr. Cyril Scott gets near to hitting the nail on the head when, in his little book, "The Ghost of a Smile" (Andrew Dakers; 5s.), he describes it as "the element of the unexpected or the unusual." But that does not cover every laugh, all the same. There is a relation of a sense of humour called a sense of the ridiculous, and that sense often laughs loudest inwardly and at something which is so usual that it is totally expected: like pomposity being more than usually pompous. But, on the whole, his definition is just about as good as can be given, if words have to define it. Taking this theory in its widest sense, and analysing it example by example, his book gives specimens of the wildest fun. It is far funnier than a simply funny book, because he has been able to choose his samples from all quarters; whereas the funny man has, unfortunately, to go on churning his humour relentlessly out of his own head. He begins with examples of elementary humour—humour that sometimes even the humourless can see. As, for example, extracts from some of the letters which were received by the Pension Office during the Great War, most of which, like: "You have changed my little boy into a little girl. Will this make any difference?" most people have already laughed over; but among which this, at least, was a new one on me: "Mrs. B. has no clothes. Has not had any for over two years. The clergy have been visiting her."

Then there is a chapter on the problem of the humoristic sense, with some examples quoted. They were, we are told, test cases by which a number of not very humorous people sought to discover whether anybody possessed a sense of humour besides themselves. For example, all was well if you could laugh at this: "During a London dinner-party a noted professor was offered some salad, which, lo and behold! he proceeded absent-mindedly to empty on to his head. 'What are you doing?' cried his astonished neighbour. 'That's salad.' 'Oh, is it?' said the professor. 'And I had thought it was spinach.'" Do you laugh: or don't you? But that is the best of a sense of humour: it

varies with each individual, provided he has a vestige of it in the beginning. Personally, I always think that unintentional humour is the funniest. The good story, related by one about to play a musical piece of his own composition, can achieve only a polite laugh for me, as a rule.

Here I am at one with Mr. Scott's own theory of humour. Vulgar it may be, but I confess I laughed at the example he quotes of the danger which a foreigner runs who tries to imitate our verbal expressions. It arose from the quasi-poetical statement "from the bottom of my heart." "An eminent portrait-painter informed me that a friend of his once received a letter from a Japanese which ended: 'And I thank you for your hospitality from the bottom of my heart, and from my wife's bottom also. . . .'" And it is often when people are being too-too eloquent and earnest that the biggest laughter springs. Mr. Scott quotes some choice examples. In fact, his little book is not only interesting as an attempt to analyse humour in all its facets, and to find one common link joining all, but it is one of the most amusing books I have come across for a long time. If only the Germans could laugh at their expression "Heil, Hitler!", as we would laugh if we had to end our letters "Heil, Chamberlain!", Europe

(Continued on page 140)



Pearl Freeman

MISS MARY NAYLOR-SMITH, V.A.D.

A recent picture of the O.C. the Enquiries Section of the V.A.D. Miss Naylor-Smith is on the Headquarters Staff of the British Red Cross Society



## LUNCHTIME IN LONDON



MRS. VIVIAN CORNELIUS  
AND CAPTAIN SOLDATENKOF



MR. AND MRS. ROBIN BARNES-GORRELL  
AND MR. CYRIL AKROYD



H.E. DR. ALBERTO GUANI  
AND DR. ROBERTO MACEACHEN



MAJOR AND MRS. HUGH  
LEVESON-GOWER



LADY PRESCOTT OUTSIDE  
THE RITZ



LADY DUNN AND MRS. EDWARD  
DE WINTON WILLS

People must eat some time or other even if there is a war on, and thank goodness "we hae meat and can eat—and so the Laird be thankit." It is not so in another country which is involved in this conflict, whatever their Liar-in-Chief may want us to believe. All these pictures happened round about the Ritz and almost all are well known to most people. Captain Soldatenkof, talking to the former Lady Northesk, was in the Russian Imperial Army, and Mrs. Barnes-Gorrell is the former Miss Iris Baillie, daughter of Mr. Ronald Baillie, of Jedbank. Uruguay, whose Minister is seen with his Counsellor, has been very much in the news. The keys are "Exeter," "Achilles," "Ajax," who knocked out the "Admiral Graf Spee." Major Leveson-Gower had a few moments off from warlike duties. His wife was formerly Miss Avril Mullens, and Lady Prescott, who is a Red Cross Commandant, is the wife of Sir John Prescott, Life Guards (R. of O.). Lady Dunn is the former Lady Queensberry, and Mrs. De Winton Wills married Sir Ernest Wills' son and heir in 1926. She is the daughter of the late Mr. William Barker Ogden,



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

might have been left in peace to cultivate its liberty and its happiness. For, as Mr. Scott states: "A sense of humour is the balance-wheel of character and, if the balance-wheel is awry, the whole machine gets out of gear."

Thoughts from "The Ghost of a Smile."

"A great humorist can move mountains where others can only dislodge mole-hills."

"The root of all evil is simply the search for happiness in the wrong way."

"To make people good we must make them happy, and to make them happy we must make them laugh."

"Derisive laughter is not genuine humour; any more than tears of joy are the tears of grief; the manifestation may be the same, but the cause is different, and that is where some philosophers have gone astray."

A "Fairy" in Matrimony.

Elizabeth Bibesco's new novel, "The Romantic" (Heinemann; 8s. 3d.), is a cleverly written story on rather a thin theme. Perhaps a little too clever, in the intellectually smart, dinner-party sense of brilliance. Such epigrams! They jostle each other about until you feel at moments you could gladly throw out welcoming arms towards a commonplace bore or a half-wit! Indeed, at one time, I was almost flabbergasted when a plain farmer's wife didn't immediately break out into aphorisms. All the rest did, seemingly without the least effort. Which, of course, makes the atmosphere very brilliant, but also totally unreal. So that at last we come to view the characters as marionettes, whose speech is so cleverly manipulated by one mind and one voice. Anyway, we move in the richest circles. The plot revolves around Lisa, the wife of Sir Cuthbert Musgrave. She is very fragile, very beautiful, and seems to have only one worry in her life—her temperamental coldness in the midst of the devotion and passion which her first husband, a Polish aristocrat, and her second husband, Sir Cuthbert, surround her. Personally, I would very much like to consult a pathologist about Lisa. It has been my experience to observe that the sex-cold woman may attract love for a time, but she does not achieve a desperately passionate attachment, plainer women being often far more capable in this direction, thanks very probably to some mysterious biological element which arouses sex, that ninety-per-cent. of tempestuous love.

Lisa, however, was so grateful to the men who had loved her that she stood her first husband's infidelities (I suppose she could not become sexually aroused enough to care?), and she was unfaithful to her second husband in order to

give him a child and—if a boy—an heir to his ancient family estate. But Lisa had yet another worry in her life. She was a romantic. She enjoyed "centres" and "scenes." She quite missed the misery of her first husband's infidelities when she found her second one so steadfastly faithful. She was tired of being just a womanly woman—cared for, petted, worshipped, shielded, defended and slept with. But whenever she tried to enter into Sir Cuthbert's passion for mountaineering in Thibet, she found herself being tenderly and symbolically led towards the door and out of the room. No man ever seemed to want her for anything except to worship and to love. She was so fragile and so pretty, and she could turn out epigrams on men, women, love, marriage, and life like a factory. Indeed, they all could, even the plain, tweed-covered, wind-swept country sister-in-law, Sarah, who was at once her confidante and her verbal fencing partner. But at least the character of her Polish mother-in-law is very entertaining; and so, if you want a novel of brilliant talk and character-analysis, without being very interested concerning who is talking or who analysed, "The Romantic" should certainly form part of your next black-out gaiety.

Thoughts from "The Romantic."

"Astuteness is the form of intelligence most looked down upon by the intelligent."

"The folly of our century lies in its determination to foist ideas on to those who are happier and infinitely more useful without them."

"Difficult people like being understood at their own moments. To understand them all the time is to rob them of their stock-in-trade."

"The one unfortunate sin in a wife is to keep her husband from doing the things he really wants to do."

"It is because women live by the exploitation of their sex that men punish them by a secret withdrawal of what really matters."

"Those who feel sometimes regret it, but those who don't feel rarely miss it."

A Lovely Book of Mountaineering.

To lovers of mountain-climbing and, indeed, to every lover of mountains, Mr. J. Waller's book, "The Everlasting Hills" (Blackwood; 15s.), should be among the more recent book-of-books. For others who, so to speak, only love mountains from the valleys, the charm of it lies in the fact that the book is mostly written from the point of view not of the technical expert, but from that of an enthusiastic beginner. So—if only there wasn't a war on!—I could well imagine that he would persuade followers in his footsteps by the hundred! As it is, they will find it most interesting to read—even though, for the greater part, the book deals with the Himalayas and such far-off "everlasting hills." And for everyone, the numerous photographs will enchant; they are lovely in the extreme.



Karsh, Ottawa

MISS GILLIAN GERMAN, A BEAUTIFUL CANADIAN

Miss German, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Barry German, of Ottawa, was presented to their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Tweedsmuir at the May Court Club ball at Ottawa. Mrs. Barry German was formerly Miss Dorothy Schofield and was on the staff of the late Duke of Devonshire when he was Governor-General of Canada



*Cannons of Hollywood, Dover Street*

#### LADY MUNRO—A RECENT PORTRAIT

Lady Munro, who married Sir Torquil Munro of Lindertis, Forfarshire, in 1934, is the elder daughter of Mr. Kenneth Hunter, of Garrows, Amulree, Perthshire. Sir Torquil Munro has given up his house for use as a hospital, and Lady Munro is now working very hard at the Red Cross dépôt at Forfar. They have one daughter, Fiona, who was born in 1937. The heir to the baronetcy is Alasdair Munro, Sir Torquil Munro's son by his first marriage, who was born in 1927



# AIR EDDIES

By  
OLIVER STEWART

## Boating.

**P**ROBABLY the thing that would strike people most forcibly about a flight which I made the other day in a Royal Air Force flying-boat engaged on convoy and patrol duty, would be a fact that I am not allowed by the Censor to give! It is the position over the ocean where we picked up the convoy and the distance it was from the nearest land.

I do not think that the magnitude of the work of the Royal Air Force flying-boats is fully recognised. People do not realise how far

## The Ships.

**F**or some reason, which the Royal Air Force people at this station could not explain, these flying-boats are known to the seamen of the convoys as "Monty." When the flying-boat comes in sight, they say: "There's Monty." We spotted first of all a small group of stragglers from our convoy and then the main body. Here the wind was strong and huge seas were running.

It was a strange experience thus to look down from a height of only two hundred metres on the decks of a destroyer in mid-ocean driving through the waves, with the water pouring over the sides and spray flying mast-high. The flying-boats find that they are often useful to the convoys in rounding up stragglers. The people in the surface vessels,



AT A W.A.A.F. INSPECTION

Squadron Officer Mrs. McAleery was in charge when Air Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore inspected recently a contingent of the W.A.A.F., including a drum and fife band, at a depot near London. With Mrs. McAleery in the picture is Group Captain V. Gaskell-Blackburn, D.S.C., A.F.C., hero of an astounding feat in the last war when he and his mechanic, shot down in the water during a raid over Cuxhaven, swam to a British submarine which had penetrated the harbour

they go, what long hours they stay out, the appalling weather they go through or the numbers of duties they perform. It was both fascinating and instructive to stand behind the two pilots in the main control cabin and to watch them and their crew of eight others at work while we flew miles from land, navigating by dead reckoning. It enabled one to appreciate how much we owe to these men.

It was by courtesy of the Air Ministry that I was able to go on this operational flight. We set out before dawn in a Sunderland flying-boat. This is the machine that had its origin in the Empire boats ordered by Imperial Airways when Mr. Woods Humphery was managing director, and before that unhappy company was reorganised by Sir John Reith so effectively that it ceased to order new types of aircraft. It is a four-engined machine with appropriate gun-positions fore and aft and it carries a big load of bombs.

## Ten-Hour Flights.

**T**en-hour flights in these machines are common, and on this occasion we set out with orders for a flight of about 9½ hours, although it was later curtailed. When it is realised that the Sunderlands cruise at between 130 and 140 knots which, in rational measures, is 240 to 260 kilometres an hour, the kind of distances they cover and the extent of the areas they search for submarines will be apparent.

Owing to the wireless silence which is imposed on all aircraft and shipping, except for certain specific messages which are sent in code, the navigation is a big problem. It is not as if the machine were flying on a straight course. It is frequently changing course to inspect this or that ship or to get through bad weather, and consequently the navigator, whose chart table is just behind the control cockpit, is kept busy. People talk glibly about using the sun and stars. They seem to forget that an enormous amount of this work is done when neither sun nor stars are visible. On the day I went out we caught a glimpse of the sun as it rose at dawn and never saw a sign of it for the rest of the day.



WING COMMANDER

R. KELLETT, D.F.C., A.F.C.

PILOT OFFICER

G. W. F. CAREY, D.F.C.

Two more in the list of British pilots whose gallantry has won them the Distinguished Flying Cross. Squadron Leader (acting Wing Commander) Kellett is cited for "courage, coolness and determination in leading his Squadron over an enemy Naval base in December 1939." Pilot Officer Carey "engaged two enemy aircraft, shot one down in flames and by skilfully manoeuvring his own machine, enabled his aircraftman-gunner to inflict considerable damage on the second enemy plane"

owing to their limited look-out range, can get separated from the main convoy in very bad weather, and they then may have great difficulty in the wireless silence in picking up the main convoy again. The flying-boat overhead can see both stragglers and main convoy and with a few flashed messages can bring them together.

One incidental point about my trip was the apparent difference in the size of the interior of one of these flying-boats in military form compared with commercial form. I suppose it is caused by the furnishings. The military machine, although it has quite a comfortable ward-room on the lower deck, is otherwise almost bare, whereas the commercial machine is filled with chairs and hangings and tables and curtains. Smoking is permissible in both the military and the civil versions.

## Photographs.

**I**t was, I think, a wise move for the Air Ministry to release the photographs of German positions taken by the Royal Air Force. They are certainly good pictures and they serve to offset the much-boosted German ones of British positions. But it is worth noting that the Germans were there first. Their pictures appeared in American papers a long time ago and were accorded a lot of space. The chief difference between the photographs taken by the R.A.F. and those by the German air force is that the British ones are frequently taken from a low altitude, whereas the German ones I have seen are taken from great heights.



GROUP CAPTAIN

A. H. ORLEBAR, A.F.C.

It is understood that Group Captain Orlebar, famous as a Schneider Trophy pilot, has been appointed to an important post in the Air Ministry. He was formerly in command of a Fighter Group

# FIGHTING UNITS : No. 17



## R.A.F. DOCTOR-MEN SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—BY "MEL"

To get into the R.A.F. you have to be a good deal more than fighting fit, and once you are in they take pretty good care to keep you so, even under the rigorous conditions active service imposes on the airman. Hence this galaxy of medical skill, ever ready to check or banish all the ills that flesh is heir to, as well as to look after any patching-up that may become necessary. Under present conditions the R.A.F. has not only its own highly skilled medicos to call on, but makes use also of the talents of men so much at the head of their profession in civil life as Group Captain Keynes, Surgical Specialist to the B.E.F. last time and a leading light of Bart's., who is a brother of J. M. Keynes, the famous economist, and combines scalpel wizardry with a high reputation as a *littérateur*, and Wing Commander Stanford Cade, who probably knows as much about that dread disease, cancer, as any man alive



# SPORTING AND DRAMATIC



SALLY GRAY AND JACK FRANÇOIS  
IN "FUNNY SIDE UP"



PRINCE CHARMING'S PORTRAIT: PATRICIA  
BURKE OF "CINDERELLA" AND MR.  
JAMES PROUDFOOT (ARTIST)



FLORENCE DESMOND AND STANLEY  
LUPINO ("FUNNY SIDE UP")



DINING IN TOWN: SQ. LDR. A. J. W.  
AND MRS. GEDDES

Anyone who may have omitted to go and see Stanley Lupino's very own show, *Funny Side Up*, has not seen the funny side of anything—certainly not of this "funny" war, which no one is finding the least bit funny, with bits of brown paper from Somerset House thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. The mainspring of the show himself is in terrific form, and with Florence Desmond in the same kind of spirits it would be a living wonder if they did not make things hum. Pretty Sally Gray also chips in to some of their numbers and double-teams it with



AND DANCING: MR. R. D. DENTON AND  
MRS. B. H. LYON (WIFE OF GLOUCESTER  
CRICKET CAPTAIN)



MORE DINERS-OUT:  
MR. AND MRS. JOHN BAILEY

Jack François at other times, and they are seen above in one of the moments when they are making runs all round the wicket. Patricia Burke is the Coliseum pantomime's principal boy, and James Proudfoot is seen in the act of adding her to a collection of the fair that he is making. All the other pictures were collected at the May Fair, where on-leavers were dining and wining and also dancing. Mr. John Bailey is the son of the renowned Sir Abe, and the wife of Gloucestershire's cricket captain was another who was enjoying herself

## F.A.N.Y. FOR FINLAND

PRINCESS ALICE REVIEWS  
AMBULANCE VOLUNTEERSMISS BETTY McFIE AND CORPORAL  
PRUDENCE DANIELH.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE,  
H.E. M. GRIPENBERG  
AND MR. VINCENT MASSEYTHE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND  
AND MISS MARY RUNCIMANMAJOR A. R. PURCHES, MISS MARTI MOONEY  
AND VOLUNTEER ETTY-LEALGENERAL SIR EVAN GIBB  
AND LADY HAILSHAMCOMMANDANT PIERRET, COMMANDANT  
FOCKEU AND MRS. REGINALD GARNETT

"The British people gladly respond to any call that is at once arduous and inspiring." So spoke H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, in replying to the Finnish Minister's message of good wishes to the twenty F.A.N.Y. volunteers who are taking ambulances to stricken Finland. The noble errand on which these volunteers are bound promises to be a really tough job, but it is in a very worthy cause. They carry with them the admiration and good wishes of a country united in its sympathy for this brave little northern nation. Princess Alice is Commandant-in-Chief of the F.A.N.Y., in which Mme. Gripenberg, British-born wife of the Finnish Minister, herself served during the last war under the command of General Sir Evan Gibb, now the organisation's Honorary Colonel. The unit which is going to Finland is led by Miss Mary Runciman, and among those who gathered to drink its health were two well-known ski-ers, Miss Betty McFie, who, though she is not herself going to Finland, is one of the most ardent workers for the Finland Fund, and Corporal Prudence Daniel, who is acting as chauffeuse to Mme. Gripenberg. The common interest of our French allies was shown by the presence of two members of the French Military Mission, who were photographed chatting with Mrs. Reginald Garnett, the honorary Publicity Director of the Fund



# ROUGE OVER ENGLAND

By  
MICHAEL ARLEN

**J**AN. 22: Auriol and I made a most astonishing discovery yesterday. It was one of those sudden revelations of a simple truth of which two women have been aware for years but have never consciously recognised. Our discovery was that she and I had never met a grown-up man in our lives. It stunned us and depressed us. I am twenty-nine and have been married to Gerald for nearly ten years, Auriol is thirty and has had two husbands and is expecting a third, we both know thousands and thousands of people, and we have never met a grown-up man in our lives. We know clever men, important men, lawyers, writers, soldiers, statesmen, artists, foreigners, every kind of man—except a man of whom we can honestly say: "Here is a man who isn't essentially childish." Dear me, it's terribly depressing to meet nobody but men who aren't children at heart, and by the look of things it must be *very* bad for the world to be governed for ever and ever by men who are children at heart. When we were girls there was something very appealing about the childishness of men, there is something very moving to most young women in the recognition of the little boy behind the big strong man. But, dear me, how intensely sad, it is to be facing a whole long lifetime of that little boy, and often a selfish and nasty little boy, behind the ageing important man. It's this war, of course, that makes a woman realise all this. This war that's born in the emotional immaturity of that little boy multiplied by millions. This war that has to be fought and directed and lost and won by the massed and disciplined and self-righteous and self-important male immaturity which women have been soothing and humouring and flattering and cheating and mothering for dreary millions of years. One can't help being terribly sorry for the wives of important statesmen, for it really must be awful to know that the destinies of millions are in the hands of their husbands. Thank Heavens my poor Gerald is only a Colonel.

**Jan. 23:** Lunched at the Ritz with Mavis and Olive. Mavis trying to be nasty to me because Gerald is now her husband's boss at the War Office, as though it is *my* fault that every war is fought and nearly lost on the iron principle that "a little child shall lead us but only if he isn't precocious." Olive was in her Red Cross uniform, as she is up to her neck in her fifty hours. Her uniform looks as though it had been cut by a bad-tempered lunatic, though her navy great-coat is nice. She says that the Matron and most of the nurses at the hospital are quite decent to her, and if some of them are a bit shirty it's no wonder when you think they have spent years learning their jobs and now any nitwitted amateur who has taken a few classes and passed an infantile examination is taking the bed-pan out of their hands. Mavis asked me nastily what I was doing, and I said my war work was confined to being a good mistress to my husband, poor dear, just to prove to him that Englishwomen are worth fighting for. Mavis looked peeved at this, and no wonder when one thinks of what is said about her pretty little husband.

**Jan. 24:** How I adore Deanna Durbin and how I *detest* Shirley Temple!

**Jan. 25:** Veronica rang up from the country with a long dithering story. She is hopeless. War has a very bad effect on women like Veronica, it makes them think exclusively with their breasts. Apparently Maggie's eldest son—they say he's a marvellous pilot and will do great things—is stationed near Veronica's place, and Maggie some time ago asked Veronica to invite the boy over and be kind to him and so on. Of course, Maggie was stupid, but even so, considering she was at school at Ozanne's with Veronica and the

boy is twenty-one. Now Veronica says he's heaven and she adores him and could eat him and is going to marry him. I was angry with her, but what is the use, with an emotional strumpet like Veronica? She says he is so shy and respectful and worshipping that it's doing her all the good in the world and she feels just as though she was a sweet young thing again. I told her she had never been a sweet young thing in her life and that at her age she ought to be ashamed of herself letting a nice boy idealise her worn-out old body, no matter how slim she might look to an inexperienced youth who knew his way about the skies but nothing of foundation-garments. Anyway I absolutely refused to see Maggie and tell her the good news, and Veronica said she had always known I was an unromantic witch. Poor Maggie will be livid, as the boy must have male issue for the title, and with Veronica all the issue he will ever get himself will be a thousand hangovers and a writ for divorce.

**Jan. 26:** Poor Gerald very gloomy. He says it's no fun for a man being a regular soldier nowadays, for he sees too clearly what a mess things are in. He says our new army is not at all what it ought to be and isn't shaping as it oughter and that everybody's fatuous optimism is driving him and others crazy. He says that owing to Belisha the new army has been so mollicoddled that a soldier can't be sent out to France without Sir Seymour Hicks holding his one hand and the Labour Party the other. He says that the best way to lose a war for democracy is to fight it with a democratic army. According to him, the democratic-citizen army is the most pernicious ideal possible when fighting first-class soldiers like the Germans, and all the bravery and heroism in the world can't take the place of iron discipline. Later on I tried to cheer him up, and I think the poor old boy forgot Belisha's new army for a time, anyway.

**Jan. 27:** Am cutting down expenses to a minimum, as Simon told us to. But what is going to happen to the shops? I don't know a thing about finance, but it seems evident that if I and people like me buy nothing but bare necessities there are going to be thousands and thousands of shop-people and others who won't even be able to buy bare necessities. One can see why we must not buy foreign things, for we must conserve our currency, but there *does* seem to be something bloody idiotic in being told (more or less) to dismiss servants, lay up cars, cut down this and that, for the sake of the well-being of England. How does it help our well-being to avoid inflation at the cost of ever-increasing poverty and ever-deteriorating social services? After all of which we shall have to face inflation whether we like it or not. Anyway, all we can do is to do as we are told, even though we don't believe one single word of it.

**Jan. 28:** Auriol to tea bringing me Aldous Huxley's last, "After Many a Summer." She says she has read better Huxleys but that there is some quite decent dirt in parts, so it will be something to look forward to reading over Sunday. Apparently it's largely about a Dr. Obispo, who is top of his class as a hard-boiled Romeo and enjoys reducing a poor woman, preferably a lady of refinement—like dear Auriol—to "a mere epileptic body, moaning and gibbering under the excruciations of pleasure" and so on. I asked Auriol if she had ever met an Obispo and she said bitterly "Not likely" and burst into tears. It made me think of poor dear Gerald—oh well, one can't have everything, and anyway he is clean and sober.

**Jan. 29:** Maggie's boy killed trying out a new fighter.



MARGOT GRAHAM AT EL MOROCCO, N.Y.  
A recent snapshot of the beautiful film-actress taken at New York's renowned niterie. In private life Margot Graham is Mrs. Allan McMartin

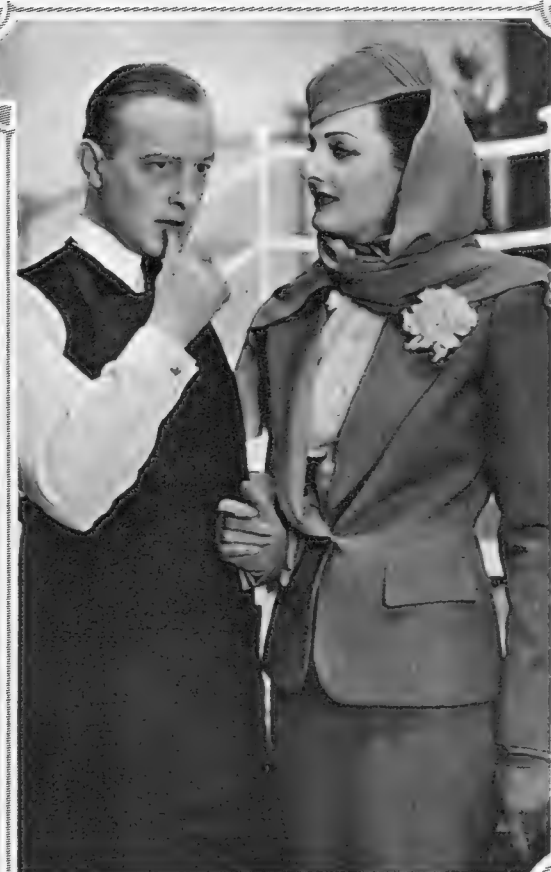
## IN THEATRELAND



JUDY KELLY AND BASIL LANGTON  
IN "BELIEVE IT OR NOT"



ALSO :  
CORAL BROWNE AND  
GRIFFITH JONES



Photos: Houston Rogers  
AND THE BUTLER (ROLAND CULVER)  
AND CORAL BROWNE



Antony Beawchamph  
MIKI HOOD, WHO WAS IN THAT AMUSING  
"GIVING THE BRIDE AWAY"

Alec Coppel, whose *Believe It or Not* came to the New Theatre on the 23rd, is the author who gave us that puzzling and rather grisly play *I Killed the Count*. There is nothing of that sort in this new play, even though some of the people in it are put to it to explain why they were at certain spots at certain times: Mrs. Lawson (Judy Kelly), for instance, arriving home with the milk and a good-looking N.O., and the Butler's attractive wife, Madeleine (Coral Browne), who is a very alluring decoy. Their little schemes do not prosper too well. In the centre picture Madeleine is seen doing her stuff. All very entertaining. Miki Hood, who, it will be perceived, is a bit different from our caricaturist Tom Titt's idea, was in that amusing bit of fluff *Giving the Bride Away*. She is not only a young actress of the



Vivienne  
AUDREY MILD MAY (MRS. JOHN CHRISTIE), POLLY  
IN "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA"

highest promise, but is likewise probably the most photographed lovely in the world. Audrey Mildmay is the *nom de théâtre* of the clever wife of John Christie, founder of the Glyndebourne Festival, who was formerly a master at Eton, the school at which he was educated. *The Beggar's Opera*, in which she plays Polly Peachum, comes to the West End after its successful adventure in Brighton



## A MIRROR OF LONDON SOCIETY:



H.E. MADAME DE BLANCK Y MENOCAL,  
WIFE OF H.E. THE CUBAN MINISTER

A recent portrait of the beautiful wife of H.E. the Cuban Minister to the Court of St. James's, Señor Don Guillermo de Blanck y Menocal, who was appointed to his present charge about two years ago and has been so unfortunate as to have his term of office coincide with this calamitous war. Her Excellency is Swiss by birth and before her marriage was Mlle. Margit Beeliciz. Their Excellencies are very popular in both Diplomatic and general circles in London society

Harlip



LADY HOWARD

A son was recently born to the youngest daughter of the Duke of Bedford, the Marquess of Tavistock, who was born in 1890 and whose service dates back to the staff of the distinguished who was Vice

## THREE RECENT REFLECTIONS



Hay Wrightson

OWLAND

born to Lady Howland, of the late Mr. E. J. Bridgman, who married Lord's son and heir last is the only son of the was formerly a Grenadier back to being an A.D.C. distinguished Lord Dufferin, viceroy of India



Harlip

MISS ESMÉE HARMSWORTH, A DÉBUTANTE  
OF THIS YEAR

Whether the Court functions of this turbulent year will take the same shape as those of the piping times of peace is still a matter which is in the lap of the gods of war, but this, nevertheless, is the coming-out year of the younger of the two daughters of the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, only son and heir of that very distinguished member of the Fourth Estate, Lord Rothermere. It is unhappily impossible to believe that the coming London season can turn out to be anything more than a ghost of its usual self



# Priscilla in Paris

**T**RÈS CHER—At the top of the monumental staircase that leads up to the public rooms of the British Leave Club stands a letter-box. It cannot be missed, for it is painted the bright shade of vermillion that all good letter-boxes boast of in England. Above the flap a typewritten card bears the information that "In this box your fathers posted their letters during 1914-1918." Every soldier entering the club for the first time has something to say about this touching memento of t'Other War, but, since the British warrior does not wear his heart asprawl his stripes, the remarks are more often sarcastic than not. "When's the next collection?" is a favourite comment, and "Garn! My old man never learned to write, 'e didn't!" runs it a close second; while at least one lad out of every ten comes pat with the rueful statement: "Maybe *they* had something to write home about!" The young voices sound very envious of those elders who had so much to relate, and one talks hurriedly of anything that, one hopes, will distract their thoughts from their great grievance—boredom!

The British soldier on leave in Paris is easy to entertain, especially if it is his first visit, but the *poilus* take a lot of cheering up, and the sour-faced critics who disapproved of the rapid reopening of various places of entertainment, on the grounds that it is wrong to make merry while men are risking their lives at the Front, stand confounded by the eagerness those men show to risk their lives even more frequently than they have hitherto been required to do, and, when they are not thus engaged, are bent on crowding as much fun and gaiety into their leave as they possibly can. The Frenchman finds his beloved *boulevards* inexpressibly dreary by reason of the blue-out: he loves to saunter in the streets and spend long hours sitting over his *bock* at the *terrasse* of his favourite café. . . . Now that he is obliged to take his pleasures indoors, he insists that the entertainment offered him shall be the brightest and gayest of its kind. The new show, *Drôle de Revue*, at the A.B.C. music-hall fills the ticket with its all-star cast, its pretty girls and witty sketches of current events. The price of the seats is well within the means of the average

streets positively luminous compared to the black-out of England and the French provinces. "It's fairy-like! That's what I say—fairy-like!" whispered an awed youngster to whom I showed the Place de la Concorde at night. That we had just bumped, with considerable force, into a *sergent de ville* on traffic-duty outside the Crillon did not upset him at all. I am, of



TYRONE POWER AND WIFE ANNABELLA

At the première of *Gone With the Wind*, which has taken America by storm and is certain to repeat the book's success in England. Annabella is that fascinating little French actress whom we all love in anything she does—and one of her last big hits was in *Hôtel du Nord*. In *Gone With the Wind* Vivien Leigh plays Scarlett O'Hara to Clark Gable's Rhett Butler



NINA TARAKANOVA

One of the many who are doing war work in Cannes, and the picture was taken on her yacht, the *Gaiété*. In private life, Tarakanova is Mrs. Gray Shaw, and it is said that she may soon join Colonel de Basil's Russian Ballet in Australia

*permissionnaire*, since an orchestra stall costs about half a crown and the cheapest seat is less than a shilling.

The British soldier, on the other hand, finds the blue dimness of the

course, entirely of his opinion, but when I am with my French half of the family I do my bit of grumbling too. We so enjoy a good old grouch. It doesn't mean a thing, but French people simply have to kick against whatever the authorities decide. Take, for instance, the case of the *sergent de ville* into whom we barged. The Paris Council has decided that policemen must wear white gloves when on traffic duty at night, but this decision has not yet been made official. As a result, the men are nearly all wearing dark blue out of pure cussedness.

I have had news of X. Marcel Boulestin. He is at Capreton, busy on a new book. Title and subject a secret. I hope it is "Simple Cooking in Six Easy Lessons." The B.E.F. could do with better cooking when on leave, at all events. Perhaps they don't notice it when they are somewhere in France. A. H. Adair is at Hossegor and twenty tries won't enable you to guess his war job. He is teaching the young idea to *parler anglais* at a recently founded but already famous school, to which all the best people along the coast are sending their brats. Biarritz is teeming with *beau monde*, and the B.M.'s offsprings, to the B.M.'s despair, were running wild. Now they can run wild—a wildness that is carefully supervised—in a delightful house and enchanting grounds—La

Daoune, at Hossegor. It has been started by Mrs. Sterling, the French wife of a British authority on international law in France, and it has the official blessing of the French Government and all the local bigwigs. As well as the usual "reeling, writhing and fainting in coils," the various frills are being taught, and Marcel Boulestin himself—who is giving his fees to war charities—will teach the pupils how to face sauce and frying-pans with equanimity. A. H. Adair, whose books are equally well known in London, New York, Paris and Vienna, imparts, as I have already said, English without tears. He has had the honour of receiving a most gracious letter from her Majesty Queen Elizabeth "wishing all success" to this Entente Cordiale venture. Needless to say, *le tout Hossegor* is tremendously proud of its Anglo-French school.—PRISCILLA.



WAR-WORKING IN CANNES

The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Brougham and Mrs. Betty Cunliffe-Owen in the garden of the Grand Hotel. Mrs. Brougham is the widow of the late Hon. Reginald Brougham, and Mrs. Cunliffe-Owen is the clever authoress of some interesting books on Turkey, Greece and Persia

# LONDON NIGHT LIFE

# ALMOST AS USUAL



LADY TREDEGAR AND MR. CHARLES CHICHESTER



SIR RONALD STORRS AND MR. AND MRS. FRANK OWEN



THE HON. MRS. ELWYN RHYS AND MR. FREDDIE CHILDE



LADY ANNE RHYS WITH THE HON. ELWYN RHYS



THE HON. ARIEL BAIRD AND MR. CHARLES PHIPPS



LADY SYBIL PHIPPS AND THE HON. JOHN COVENTRY



THE BARONESS BEYENS AND MR. R. W. B. MAURICE

If to-day be more or less sweet, in spite of the sugar rationing, why worry about Unborn To-Morrow? All these pictures were taken at that comfortable spot so familiar to all of us, called Jules, in Jermyn Street, and the assemblage, as will be seen, was a pretty comprehensive one, from Lord Tredegar's handsome wife, the former Princess Dolgorouky, to diplomatic representatives of a nation which was our ally last time and may be so again, the Baron and Baroness Beyens, from the Belgian Embassy. The Dynevor family, as will be observed, was in strong force, and Lady Sybil Phipps, who has as her companion Lord Coventry's only brother, is the elder sister of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester. The Hon. Ariel Baird, who is with Mr. Charles Phipps, is one of Lord and Lady Stonehaven's attractive daughters



MRS. WILLIAM ARBUTHNOT-LESLIE AND BARON BEYENS



## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

THE vicar prided himself on his oratorical powers. He was describing the downward path of the sinner, and used the metaphor of a ship drifting and going to pieces on the rocks.

A sailor in the audience was deeply interested.

"The waves dash over!" cried the preacher. "Her sails are split! Her yards are going! Her masts are shivered! Her helm is useless. She is driving ashore! There seems no hope! Can nothing be done to save her?"

The sailor rose in his seat, his eyes wide with excitement.

"Let go the ——— anchor!" he shouted.

A recruit insisted on an interview with his C.O. Eventually, his wish was granted and he was asked, in rather impatient terms, what he was so anxious about.

"Well, sir, if you please," answered the recruit, "could I transfer to a non-combatant unit, as I've just won a big cash prize in a competition."

The taunt that the British soldier is a "mercenary" because he receives a far higher rate of pay than the Continental conscript is a very old one.

There is a story told of a pompous and ill-mannered officer of a certain European army who was expatiating on this theme at a dinner-party where a British officer was present.

"We fight for honour and glory—the British Army fights for money," said the foreigner.

"Quite right, old boy," replied the British officer with that smile of amused tolerance which so often puzzles other nations, "each of us fights for what we haven't got!"

Some months after the 1918 Armistice, when Germany was full of men wearing the Iron Cross, a woman reported to the police in Berlin that a man had snatched her handbag.

"Did you get a good look at the thief," asked the Inspector.

"No—I didn't see his face very clearly."

"Was he wearing the Iron Cross?"

"No."

"NO? You're certain?"

"I'm positive."

"Oh, then, we'll trace him easily enough."



ROBERT HELPMANN AND MARGOT FONTEYN  
REHEARSING "DANTE SONATA"

So enthusiastically was the Vic-Wells ballet greeted on its return to London after a sojourn in the provinces that its brief season had to be extended, giving the opportunity for the presentation of a new work, *Dante Sonata*, by Frederick Ashton, who has been responsible for previous Vic-Wells choreographic successes. Constant Lambert transcribed Liszt's music for the orchestra, and leading rôles were danced by Robert Helpmann as the Bad, and Margot Fonteyn as the Good Spirit, in a story based on Dante's "Inferno"

"Mummy, does all our food come from heaven?"

"Yes, darling."

"And does Santa Claus bring us our presents?"

"He does, dear."

"And storks bring all the babies?"

"Certainly, my love."

"Then, what on earth's the good of father?"

\* \* \*

An American travelling through Scotland was impressed by an imposing statue. "Who is that?" he asked an old Scot.

"That," said the loyal Caledonian, drawing himself up proudly, "is a monument to the memory of Wallace."

"Ah," said the Yank, "good old Edgar!"

\* \* \*

As a regiment was leaving for the front, and a large crowd gathered about the railway station cheered, a recruit asked: "Who are all these people doing the cheering?"

"They," replied the old Regular Army sergeant, "are the people who are not going."

\* \* \*

Three revellers, who had been out on an all-night binge, were sleeping in the same hotel bed. The first kept his two companions awake by shouting in his sleep.

"Nex' shtop Philadelphia," he yelled, kicking the blanket off the bed. He snored on for a moment. Then—

"Nex' shtop, Pittsburgh," he screamed, swinging his fists in the dark. The other two buried their heads to escape the blows. Then—

"Nex' shtop, Chicago," howled the wild one, almost upsetting the bed as he turned over.

The second drunk nudged his pal.

"We'd better do something," he suggested. "Thish guy ish liable to keep thish up all the way to California."

The third buried his head under the pillow.

"Let him go," he hiccupped. "The further he getsh away from me, the better!"

\* \* \*

"What is your occupation?" asked the magistrate.

"I'm a locksmith, sir," replied the prisoner.

"Well, I want to know what were you doing in that gambling house when the police raided it?"

"I was making a bolt for the door, sir."

# "WHO'S TAKING LIBERTY?" AND WHO'S LOOKING AFTER HER



THE UGLY SISTERS  
(FREDERICK BURT-  
WELL AND REGINALD  
PURDELL) LOOK  
GREEDILY AT  
LIBERTY (DOROTHY  
HYSON) IN THE ARMS  
OF PRINCE CHARMING  
(MARGARETTA SCOTT)



WARREN JENKINS  
AND GERTRUDE MUS-  
GROVE AS NEUTRALUS  
AND OBSERVA



(RIGHT)  
DENYS BLAKELOCK  
AS THE LORD CHAM-  
BERLAIN

THE FAIRY  
(HERMIONE DARN-  
BOROUGH); THE EVIL  
SPIRIT (MICHAEL  
WILDING); AND THE  
STAGE-HAND (LESLIE  
FRENCH)



Pamela Frankau's topical variations on the age-old theme of Cinderella have proved very popular at the Whitehall Theatre, and above are Tom Titt's impressions of some of the principal holders of mirrors up to nature in this amusing and pointed pantomime for the times. Black and White are clearly etched, with Neutralus and Observa (Warren Jenkins and Gertrude Musgrove) clearly identifiable as "certain countries," as *puncta indifferencia*, with perhaps a touch of the traditional brokers' men in their make-up. On the white side are Margaretta Scott as a charming and graceful Prince with a heap of Allied virtues, and sweet, ill-treated Liberty, with Dorothy Hyson as the Cinderella of modern power politics, represented by Frederick Burtwell and Reginald Purdell as Ugly Sisters Katinka and Gretchen respectively. Leslie French, who was responsible for the production, makes a coy appearance as a stage-hand





AN R.A.S.C. COMPANY SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

It used to be said that an army marched upon its stomach, and this is still true, but it has to be added that its stomach now depends upon its wheels, and above are the officers of a unit of a supply column, bar one, 2nd Lieut. V. Stott, who eluded the camera. The names are: (l. to r., back) L. Espiau (interpreter), Captain J. V. Simpson, Major B. M. Hootor-Duncan, 2nd Lieut. F. L. Crafter, and a French soldier; (in front) Captain H. L. Jones, Lieut. W. G. Adams, 2nd Lieut. J. P. A. Willey, Captain K. W. Adams and Captain G. G. Arnold.

"YOU will always be fools; we shall never be gentlemen!" This illuminating statement was attributed to a leading German statesman at the beginning of the First German War. I believe it was tacked on to Bethmann-Holweg—but for this I will not vouch; in any case it is one of the very few true things that have

The incident of the rescue of a German Air Force officer who was trying to swim twenty-four miles to Scotland, and was on the point of drowning, is no doubt accounted to us as a piece of "foolishness." And yet there are people who still want to know for what it is we are fighting! Isn't the thing for which we are fighting the job of all decent thinking people in the world? Why is anyone standing out?

From the photograph of a fifteenth-century tournament helm (or helmet) unearthed by the Society of Antiquaries at Melbury, Dorset, it is apparent that the Light Cavalry Tank of the period had to take on the combat blind. There are no eye-holes in the front of this helmet, only some air-holes at the side. The "verray parfit gentil knight" had therefore to trust absolutely to luck. He was probably given a course by his esquire, and then shoo'd off into the lists in the hope that he would manage to connect with his opposite number. What a lot of nice betting there must have been at places like the cavalry centre of Camelot! But it all seems to me to have been pretty tough on the knights. Why, even in our modern cavalry tank they have some little slits through which the warrior inside can get some kind of a look-see to his front, and also to his flank. These holes in the sides of this Dorset tournament helm seem to me to be just stupid, because the knight had no earthly of turning his head and looking either to port or starboard, even if there were any point in his doing so, for it was always a case of a frontal attack and a head-on collision. Again, when the knight was unhorsed—as, so I gather from my readings of the adventures of the round table, he frequently was—this hermetically sealed canister must have cramped his style most terribly. He could not see where to aim "cut one" or even "cut four"! As Melbury is not very far from Camelot in the

## Pictures in the Fire

come out of Germany. I marvel that it was ever made, for they have a great contempt for any thing to do with a gentle man—

The prisoners were herded together in overcrowded "flats," with no room to move between the mattresses, which were covered with lice and vermin. The total water ration amounted to one quart a day, and this had to suffice for drinking and washing. Such washing of clothes as was possible had to be done in the same water. The food was scarce and bad, and the eating utensils were improvised out of old condensed-milk tins.

Everything possible was done to humiliate the officer prisoners in front of their crews, and particularly in front of lascars. The lavatory arrangements consisted of empty oil-drums in an open passage, and these had to be emptied and cleaned out by the masters in front of the lascars.



H.E. THE DUKE OF ALBA AT ST. MORITZ

The Spanish Ambassador, who is also the tenth Duke of Berwick, is permitting himself a short ski-ing holiday in the snows. At the moment St. Moritz is safe from German aggression



H.E. THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR AND MRS. KENNEDY AT MIAMI

Another Ambassador to the Court of St. James's who thoroughly deserves some relaxation. The picture was taken when America's most popular Ambassador and wife were watching a football game at the Orange Bowl Stadium



Holloway

AT A RED CROSS BALL IN NORTHAMPTON

Mr. Gavin Astor, who is the eldest son of Major the Hon. Jack Astor and Lady Violet Astor, and Lady Anne Spencer, Lord and Lady Spencer's only daughter. Lord Spencer is chairman of the Pytchley Hunt Committee

## By "SABRETACHE"



ANOTHER RECENT PICTURE FROM ST. MORITZ

Donna Cajetana de Alba, daughter of the Duke of Alba (see opposite page), Mlle. Ynes de Bonstetten, and M. Achilles Seraidaris, who were all competing in the Bombay Cup

Blackmore Vale country, near Colonel Freddie Digby's enchanting abode, Sherborne, it is almost a racing certainty that this tin hat is of the same pattern as those worn by that rather frisky Sir Lancelot, the good and gallant Sir Galahad, and other leading blades in King Arthur's Household Cavalry.

The gaffs devised for Thomas Atkins in this war are in advance of even those we got in the last squabble, and in a different world from those of the days when, as any old sweat will tell you, "soldiering was soldiering, and your blinkin' bed felt as if some perisher had been and bunged your sword and belts and carbine-bucket into it." In those times, the soldier never had any Gert or any Daisy or any Clapham or any Dwyer to make him give up being full of strange oaths and still stranger beer. He had to supply his own talent, whether it was a matter of playing the Ghost in *Hamlet*, or providing a curdling scene of *The Last Stand of the Last Fusilier*. Tableau: hero, with handkerchief stained with red ink round brow—ammunition all gone—bayonet at charge, determined to sell his life dearly at terrible cost to bleedin' enemy. T. A. had to do everything in the way of song, speech or sentiment off his own bat. He had no Stainless Stephen to help him out, and no "Bee" Lillie either. He had to do something (aided by an onion) about "scripin' the moss off bibby's grive," and in trying to convince an always sympathetic audience that a man can only have one mother, however much he may try. They sometimes hove in a bit about "Dear Old Dad," and how he charged the guns at Balaclava, or spitted three Russians on one bay'nit at the "Sowljer's" Battle (Inkerman).

There were very rarely any female women involved, the soldier of those times being considered so brutal and licentious that it might not have been quite safe. Women in those times were such frightened

fawns (so it was commonly alleged): you could not strike matches on them like you can to-day. There is only one case that I can recall of a performer from the

spindle-side at a gaff, and that was the pretty wife of the bandmaster of the 10th Hussars, who had been operatically trained, and sang like a hen-angel. Unhappily, this delightful lady's name escapes me at the moment, but any old 10th ought to remember.

Shakespeare used to be in great vogue, especially that scene on the ramparts of Elsinore. Aspiring actors were almost ready to get their belts out to decide who should play the Ghost. I remember one time when the depicter, taking a little licence with the text, clanked down to the footlights and said in blood-curdling cadence:

"'Amlick, I am thy father's gheost!"



Truman Howell

## A HUNTING WEDDING IN WORCESTERSHIRE

Lieut.-Colonel A. L. Wood and his bride leaving St. Mary de Wyche Church, Wychbold, after their recent wedding. Mrs. Wood is the only daughter of Mr. Hugh Sumner, M.F.H. (Worcestershire), and Mrs. Sumner, hence the appropriate guard of honour. Lieut.-Colonel Wood is commanding an artillery regiment in France and has short honeymoon leave

Quick as a flash there came from the gallery:

"Yus, and a bleedin' hugly ghost too!"

But the actor was not abashed, for he promptly replied: "All right, Private Smith, C Company, I seen you 'idin' be'ind that pillow! After the show I'll knock your ruddy block off!"

Happy days! Happy days, even if they were tough.



Holloway

## ALSO AT THE NORTHAMPTON RED CROSS BALL

Lord Spencer and family, as is evidenced by the facing page picture, backed up this ball very thoroughly. With him is the Hon. Gwendolen Meysey-Thompson, youngest daughter of the late Lord Knaresborough, and Mrs. Ronald Henderson, one of the ball organisers

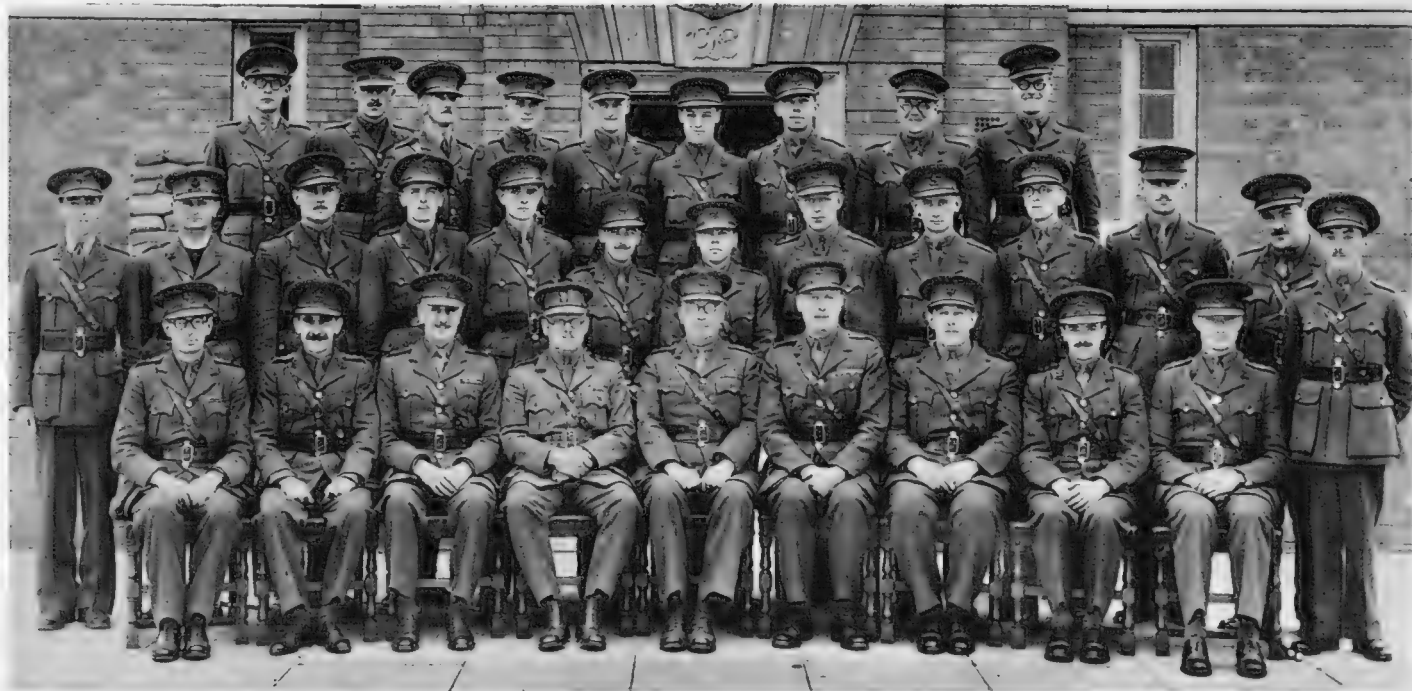


Truman Howell

## AT LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. A. L. WOOD'S WEDDING (BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM ABOVE)

A group taken after the wedding—for details see above—at Rashwood Court, Droitwich, where the bride's parents abide, and in this picture are (l. to r.) Miss Wood, the bridegroom's sister, Mr. M. A. Bellville, M.F.H. (Clifton-on-Teme), Mr. Hugh Sumner, M.F.H. (Worcestershire), and Mrs. Sumner





A RECENT GROUP OF THE OFFICER COMMANDING THE BRIGADE, THE C.O. AND OFFICERS THE 4th BATTALION THE KING'S REGIMENT (LIVERPOOL)

Brigadier Francis Latham, D.S.O., seen in the centre, front row, has commanded this particular infantry brigade since 1935, served in the South African War and in the first German War, in which he was twice severely wounded, got six mentions, a D.S.O. and bar, as well as the Croix de Guerre. The above group was taken on the embodiment of this battalion

The full names are: (back row; standing, 1. to r.) Lieut. J. H. Beaty, 2nd Lieut. A. W. Gaade, Lieut. (Q.M.) C. Baker, Lieut. L. C. Winstanley, 2nd Lieuts. R. H. Hooper, L. G. Peel, H. S. Crossdell, T. G. Leighton, A. Y. Speirs; (second row; standing, 1. to r.) Lieut. F. V. Denton, the Rev. C. R. Montgomery, C.F., 2nd Lieuts. H. H. Blissett, A. N. Lunn, R. E. Coltingham, A. T. Shaw, L. S. Cohen, J. G. Langdon, H. K. Mathews, H. A. S. Brockelbank, A. K. Kinnish, Captain P. J. Gibbons, R.A.M.C., Lieut. R. H. Bales; (front row) Captain E. G. Parker, Captain A. S. Beadel, Major J. H. Riley, T.D., Brigadier F. Latham, D.S.O., Lieut.-Colonel W. F. Lindsell, M.B.E., T.D., Major W. J. Humphrey, M.C., Major S. A. Dodd, Captain R. F. Vickers, Captain G. F. Appleton

#### Our Record Car Exports.

**B** RITISH car manufacturers are putting up a brave show in the economic war. During November they exported a record number of cars, equivalent to an average of 300 for every working day. Besides sending cars to Australia, India, Ceylon, New Zealand, Canada and South Africa, where a growing demand might be anticipated naturally, they exported them to Siam, Burma, Eire, Malaya, Portugal, Uruguay and Argentina.

This result is a striking contrast to the plight of the German motor trade, whose exports have closed down completely. Reports from that unhappy country tell of the disappointment and doubts of thousands of workers whose savings or a part of them were taken as instalment payments for the much-advertised People's car. This vehicle has not materialised, and even if it had it seems unlikely that the people would have had enough money, petrol or oil to operate it. And if what is happening in the German export trade in bicycles is any guide, the People's car would be supplied minus tyres or fitted with a very indifferent substitute.

#### The Paramount Importance of Economy.

**T**he list of countries given above does not include any of the neutral States in Europe, with the exception of Eire. In the majority of these countries petrol is more or less heavily rationed, a fact that one would have thought should direct attention to the extraordinary economy of running of the 8-, 10-, or 12-h.p. British car as made by such concerns as Austin, Ford, Morris, Standard, Hillman, Vauxhall and Wolseley. Whether France could supply the demand from these countries is open to doubt. Italy might account for some of it, but the bulk of the available trade would be best satisfied by the low-priced, light and cheap-to-run British car. And when the war is over and economy

## PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

still being the watchword all over Europe, the demand for "economy" cars will be greater than ever.

#### The Black-out Death-roll.

**T**he number of deaths during the December black-out at nearly 900 showed a sharp rise compared with the 674 for November and 564 for October. The total casualties for December at 1155 compared with 683 for the same month in 1938. The high increase is all the more sinister when we take into consideration the decrease that has taken place in motoring, estimated at anything from 50 per cent. upwards.

While some people seek a remedy in a reduction in the speed of cars, others agitate for more light. My own experience on the road suggests that a much greater traffic sense should be instilled into pedestrians and cyclists. These people often fail to realise that they are invisible to the driver of a car, even if crawling along at 15 m.p.h., until he is within a few feet of them. As I have suggested before, the enforced illumination of pedestrians would go a long way to improve matters. Whether a law of this kind could be enforced is doubtful in view of the number of cyclists who still flit about the roads in an unlighted or improperly lighted condition.

#### Premature Boiling.

**D**uring a cold snap cars often boil soon after starting out from home. The owner thereupon gets out, opens the bonnet and radiator-filler, and—finds the water up to the normal level. The situation, which may puzzle him at first, is explained by the fact that part of the water in the system freezes before the warmth of the engine has time to prevent it. This is more likely to happen if, during its first mile or so, the engine is running light in the face of a bitter wind. The cure is to warm up the engine in the garage before starting up.

(Continued on page vi)



Lafayette

AIR VICE-MARSHAL E. L. GOSSAGE

The appointment of Air Vice-Marshal Gossage to be an Inspector-General of the R.A.F. is of more or less recent date. He was originally a Gunner and was seconded for service with the old R.F.C. so long ago as 1915

# FILMS AHOY! THE MOVIE SCENE



ILONA MASSEY CHARMS SOME RURITANIAN-LOOKING SOLDIERS IN "BALALAIKA"



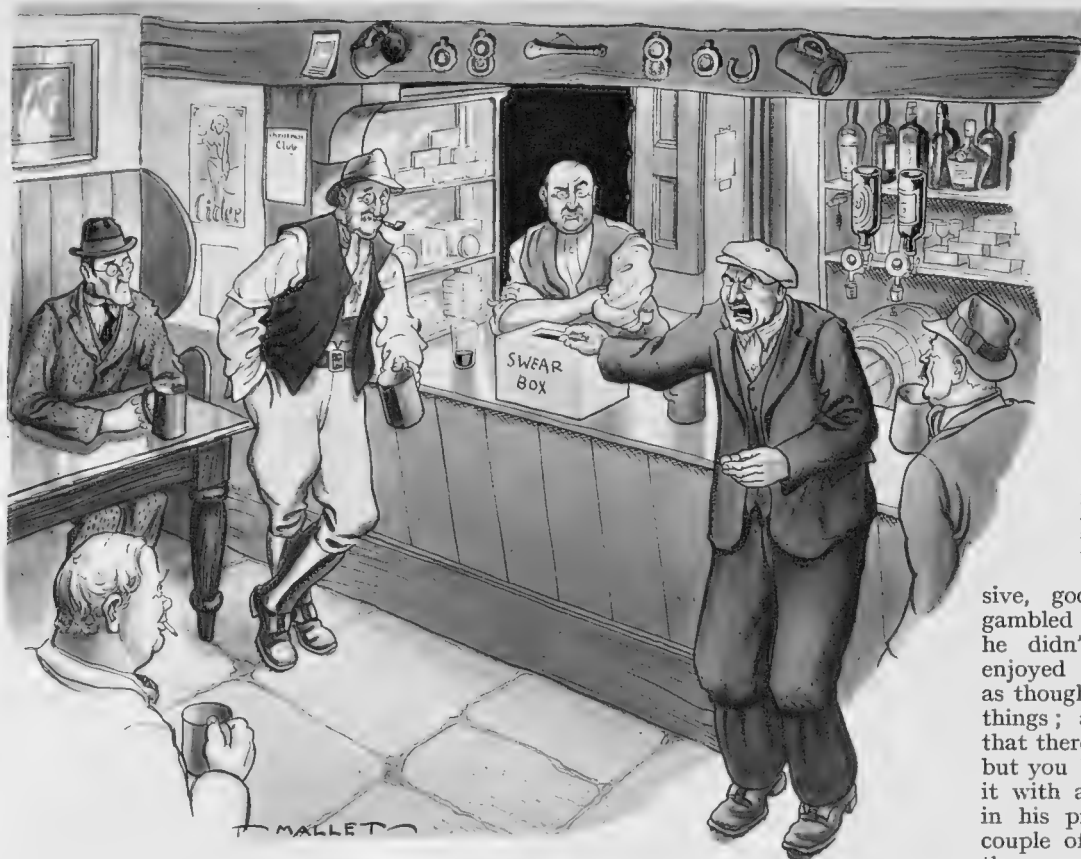
MARY LIVINGSTONE (MRS. JACK BENNY), ROBERT PRESTON AND DOROTHY LAMOUR



PATRICIA KIRKWOOD IN THE "BAND WAGGON" FILM

"I'm Tanya, I'm Tanya, a simple flower of the Czar," sings Ilona Massey, the lovely and golden-voiced Hungarian star, in M.-G.-M.'s screen version of Eric Maschwitz's hit musical show, *Balalaika*. Her opposite number in the film is Nelson Eddy, with whom she has been seen previously in *Rosalie*. Meanwhile, in British studios the great radio feature, "Band Waggon," has been transferred to celluloid, and by all reports loses nothing in the process. The result, which came on at the Leicester Square Theatre last week, is a happy-go-lucky lark, starring Arthur Askey, who has made such a name for himself on the radio, and with Patricia Kirkwood, sensational "starlet" of *Black Velvet*, George Black's wartime revue at the Hippodrome, in the feminine lead, which involves such pantomimics as the piratical get-up in the picture above. Back in Hollywood, the stars of *Typhoon*, Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston, were taking time off when the cameraman called, to dine with Mary Livingstone, wife of Jack Benny and a radio star in her own right, at the smart Victor Hugo restaurant in Beverly Hills





"Charlie Trulove . . . paid five shillings in advance and treated us to a bob's-worth all round"

"A HALF of bitter, please."

As he drew my ale from the wood, the landlord sized me up from the corner of his roving eye, spotting a "foreigner" with the sixth sense of his ancient profession.

"You'll be from London, then?"

It would have been useless to deny it.

"Ah," said the landlord, his tone suggesting that London may be the hub of the universe—but the universe isn't recognised in West Oatshire. "Ah!"—and he waited significantly.

"Just staying a day or two," I explained gracefully, "to enjoy the simple peace of the countryside."

"Sure; I know," he chuckled. "Peace and simplicity, that's it. Well, it's a matter of opinion. To me, the noise of London is like a waterfall; you soon get used to it, and it don't mean nothing. I often go up to town, to get away from the strain of country life—"

"Yes, but—"

"While as for simplicity, again that depends on what you mean by it. I could tell you a tale, if you cared to listen—?"

We need have no fear for our traditions of free speech, so long as the landlords of Britain have tongues in their heads. And this was his tale:

"Talking of simplicity," said the landlord, "it goes in various kinds and qualities, like cheese and, like cheese, it very frequently conceals great activity below the surface."

"In this village, for example, we have a character by the name of Simple Jack. You would say he has simplicity of mind, seeing that he cannot reckon, and has no opinions whatever on politics or such-like iniquities. Indeed, whenever Jack has a job of driving pigs to market, which means taking them through Dazely, the next village along the high road, he always has to count his pigs twice. Once going into Dazely, and once coming out. A Dazely man once asked him why he did this. 'Surely, Jack, you don't distrust us folks here?'

"'Why, no, master,' said Simple Jack. 'But I'd get into terrible trouble if I drove away any Dazely folks by mistake, like.'

"Like that, you see: the simplicity that gets to the heart of things. And now, forget about Simple Jack for a minute, because we once had another simple man hereabouts, being one by the name of Gentle Joe."

"There was nothing wrong with Joe, not thataways. He was a quick hand with figures, plans, and all manner of

# WORDS AND MUSIC

By

F. KESTON CLARKE

schemes for improvement, both local and national. Indeed, if it hadn't been that he could sit here night after night, drinking his beer like a Christian, you might have called him a highbrow.

"But he was a very inoffensive, good-principled chap. He never gambled and he never played cards; and he didn't even drink as though he enjoyed it. He'd pick up his tankard as though his mind was away on nobler things; and drain it to the dregs—not that there's any dregs in my firm's beer, but you know what I mean—he'd drain it with a lofty, absent air. Sometimes, in his preoccupied way, he'd drain a couple of other blokes' tankards while they was playing darts, too."

"But nobody ever cussed him, because we knew he was just Gentle Joe, and didn't mean no harm. Indeed, using

cuss-words towards Gentle Joe would have seemed a dreadful thing to do. He was a most sensitive man; and nothing pained him more than what he called the misuse of language. Personally, if I can hit a bloke in the earhole with a few selected words what will shut him up for the rest of the evening, I consider the language well used; but Gentle Joe would have none of it.

"'My dear friends!' he would protest, whenever a slanging-match broke out; 'my dear friends, is this necessary? Is it nice? Remember where you are, and conduct your recriminations like gentlemen—'

"Having once kept a licensed house not ten minutes from the Marble Arch, I could have told Gentle Joe that the average toff possesses a large and agile vocabulary and is well conversant with permutations and combinations relating to the same; but it would have seemed unkind to argue with Joe, seeing he meant it for our good."

"But of course you can't stop men speaking their minds, and many of us countrymen have minds of a forthright and picturesque nature. So when we speak our minds the atmosphere is apt to become full of warmth and colour, if you take my meaning. It doesn't really work anyone any harm; but every naughty word brought an expression of suffering to the face of Gentle Joe, he being given to uplift, refinement and such-like hopes."

"Well, one evening in here there occurred a little misadventure in the course of a darts match. Ted Pearce, who's a bit heavy-handed with his throwing, tried for a double nine, but pinned old Sam Ambrose's left ear to the wall instead; and in the confusion a number of good pints were used as floor-stain; so that a certain amount of exasperation ensued all round."

"When the talking had died down, Gentle Joe rapped for silence with his mug. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I am astonished and disgusted. Unless you give up these words of violence, we shall acquire an evil reputation in the countryside, and be reckoned no better than Dazely folks.'

"At this there was a good deal of coughing and shuffling, it being well recognised by one and all that Dazely village is little better than primeval jungle."

"'I clearly see,' Joe went on, 'that penalties must be provided for these here breaches of the peace. What we need in this bar is a swear-word box.'

"'I can think up plenty of my own,' declared Bert Pubble, 'without keeping any in a box, thank 'ee—'

(Continued on page 160)



# **OFFICERS OF THE 4th ANTI-TANK REGIMENT, R.A.**

(L. to r., back row) 2nd Lieuts. J. Gledhill, P. J. D. Hoyle, J. F. Crossley, J. M. Mulroy, R. W. Hellyer, J. S. Lees, W. M. Dravers, R.S.M. A. Simpson, Lieut. and Q.-M. T. H. Wilson, 2nd Lieuts. J. C. W. Goldthorp, J. N. Heaton, E. H. Bennett, Lieut. W. Chalmers (R.A.M.C.); (middle row) Captain G. M. Sharp, Captain J. Winter, Majors T. A. Hoyle, T. F. Hanforth, A. J. C. Hirst (Second in Command), Lieut.-Colonel S. Smith (C.O.), Major A. G. K. Somerville (Adj.), Major J. G. Milnes, Captains T. Casson, J. C. Wormersley, J. S. Helliwell; (front row) 2nd Lieuts. A. F. Smith, A. P. Mitchell, H. Birchall, A. S. Chappell, R. Stead, C. R. F. Leigh, J. M. Calvert



# **THE 4th BATTALION NOTTS AND DERBY REGIMENT (SHERWOOD FORESTERS)**

(L. to r., back row) 2nd Lieuts. S. C. Walker, B. J. Donoghue, J. H. Walker, B. Jackson, C. Bethell; (middle row) 2nd Lieut. C. Wall, Lieut. J. Brooke-Taylor, Lieut. and Q.-M. R. V. Hammond, 2nd Lieuts. W. R. Newton, C. S. Sutcliffe, D. H. Cousin, C. H. Perry, W. G. Yeomans; (front row) Lieut. R. C. Wright, Captain W. E. Thompson, Major B. D. Shaw, M.M., T.D., Major A. S. Giles, O.B.E., M.C., Lieut.-Colonel H. B. Everard, Captain and Adj. M. H. Cooper, Captains T. H. McCall, V. H. Ward, J. W. Jackson



# **THE 4th BATTALION THE SOMERSET LIGHT INFANTRY**

(L. to r., back row) 2nd Lieut. P. E. J. Austin, 2nd Lieut. A. R. B. McGillicuddy, Lieut. D. D. B. Cook, 2nd Lieuts. H. H. E. Coulthard, H. J. C. Miles, S. A. M. Wilmot, Lieut. C. P. Tamlyn, 2nd Lieuts. E. A. Trotman, C. J. Stewart, C. G. Green, M. L. G. Hindle; (middle row) Lieut. J. B. Cossens, 2nd Lieuts. J. C. Perks, L. D. Wardle, M. C. Crutwell, J. R. L. Scammell, K. C. Kinnersley, Lieut. W. G. N. Good, 2nd Lieut. P. C. Paton, 2nd Lieut. R. J. H. M. Kirkwood, Captain W. R. F. Ellis, 2nd Lieut. H. Whitefield, Lieut. R. W. James, Lieut. W. O. Roberts, Captain J. D. Graham, Lieut. P. H. Jeffries, Captain C. T. Bevir, R.A.M.C., 2nd Lieut. C. E. Edridge; (front row) Lieut. J. G. Brasier-Creagh, Captains H. L. S. Young, D. I. L. Beath, C. L. Firbank (Adj.), Brigadier J. E. M. Whittuck, M.C., Colonel G. W. R. Bishop, T.D., Major-General V. H. B. Majendie, D.S.O., Colonel of the Regiment; Colonel J. Flemming, O.B.E., M.C., Majors D. C. H. Edwards, M.C., V. E. Rowse, R. W. Stephens, M.B.E., Captain L. T. King, Captain R. Stileman

What these units are doing and where they are doing it at this moment of time is under the Censor's hat, but we can be sure that they, like the rest of the British Army, are only waiting to do their damndest against the "evil things." For many of them it is not the first time they have been called upon to cope with this sort of situation, as witness the medal ribbons which tell of former strife. In fact, one-third of the officers in the particular battalion of the Sherwood Foresters pictured on this page saw active service "last time," while the other units have a plentiful leavening of experience over the water as well as a universal determination to do the job so thoroughly that there will be no chance of a "next time"



## WORDS AND MUSIC—(Continued from page 158)

" 'You misrepresent my cogitations,' said Joe. 'A swear-word box is a locked box with a slot in it. We keep the box on the counter. And from now on, every time a man's tongue transgresses, he shall pay sixpence into the box.'

"There were some grunts of dismay at this harsh proposal.

" 'I'm an old man,' said Sam Ambrose, 'with only me Old Age Pension. I shan't dare to open me mouth.'

" 'That'll save us quids, Sam,' retorted Pubble, 'with a thirst like yours—'

" 'Look here, young Bert, I'm always willing to stand a round—'

" 'Sure thing, Sam. You're willing to stand around while others stand the drinks—'

"This led to further language, and Gentle Joe looked appealingly at me. Now, although I haven't blushed for thirty years, I believe in moderation. Moreover, as landlord, I perceived that the swear-box scheme might be an attraction to the bar, and be good for trade. Therefore I said:

" 'Joe's right, my lads. From to-night the collecting-box will be on this counter. Sixpence a swear. And when it's nigh Christmas, the fund can be shared out, amongst the regular customers.'

"Having it put to them that way, the chaps could see the virtue of it. The plan was accepted, and Gentle Joe was praised for his public spirit.

"And by Jabez, guv'nor," continued the landlord, "it wouldn't have done for any High School young ladies to come into the bar-parlour that night. Because, you understand, these being the last few hours of free speech, hard cases like Pubble and Ted Pearce and Sam Ambrose just took their coats off to it, so to speak.

"Even Gentle Joe wasn't as horrified as you might think. He gave me an artful nudge, and whispered: 'Don't stop them, landlord. It'll be all the more difficult for 'em to settle down to the new conditions; and the fund will benefit.'

"Yes, he was quite a psychologist, was Gentle Joe. And acting on his suggestion, instead of getting in an ordinary little collecting-box, I made a special one about a foot deep with a big slot. Then we could stand it in a corner and the chaps could chuck their sixpences in without interrupting the flow of conversation.

"And it worked famously, did this reform inaugurated by Gentle Joe.

"Eh? Bless you, sir, no—it didn't stop the swear-words. On the contrary. You see, in view of the Christmas share-out, it became everyone's interest to observe moderation himself, if possible; but to aggravate all the others to explosion-point.

"Aggravation became pretty easy, too; because as the days went by the bar became more and more crowded with new folks anxious to establish themselves as 'regulars' in time for the dividend. They soon couldn't take a breath without knocking over somebody's old-and-mild; and at sixpence a word the swear-box was taking in more money than a fun-fair.

"I said to Joe one evening: 'This suits me all right, Joe. Provides amusement, and is good for trade. But from your uplifting point of view the swear-box has failed in its worthy object.'

" 'Give it time,' said Joe, calm and reasonable as ever. 'The careless spirit of festivity is abroad. In the New Year their minds will turn to higher things.'

"That might be: but meanwhile something was always cropping up to keep the swear-fund growing. There was the night when Charlie Trulove's missus ran away from home. While he was telling us about it, his choice of words cost him eighteenpence in three minutes. But the next night, after she'd changed her mind and come back again, he paid five shillings in advance and treated us to a bob's-worth all round.

"All round, that is, with the exception of Gentle Joe. Nothing would ever induce Joe to say a word that might cause a printer's hand to shake, however appropriate the occasion. He was without doubt the most fastidious man I ever served with a pint of mild.

"In fact, in view of his disinterested attitude we appointed him referee; on account of occasional disputes as to whether words were in the dictionary or not.

"Of course, Gentle Joe was the only bloke who owned a dictionary; so he lugged it along—it was in a brown paper cover—and used to sit in his corner by the fire, ready to deliver a verdict on all doubtful cases. For a week or two we were astonished at the number of words we'd always thought were harmless enough; but that Joe couldn't find in the dictionary. Till one night old Isaac Rope, after paying over most of his pocket-money, grabbed the dictionary from Joe and found it was only the county telephone directory after all.

"That again caused a satisfying rise in the swear-box receipts—from those who'd been paying up for words like 'bother' and couldn't get their money back.

"Well, by now it was shaking-up time for the share-out. And Gentle Joe, who, as I've told you, was a rare one for good suggestions, said: 'It seems a pity, gentlemen, to distribute this money without making the same an occasion for innocent rejoicing. Now, we might have a kind of concert; and bestow half a quid on the best entertainer—from the box—before sharing out the remainder.'

" 'That's the idea, Joe,' I said. 'Come on, you lads. Tell me what you can do and I'll get out a draft programme.'

"Bert Pubble scratched his head. 'I think I could give some imitations of animal noises—'

" 'He said "draft," not "daft,"' old Isaac remarked. 'You couldn't imitate a fish.'

" 'That,' said Bert politely, and with an eye on Isaac's ever-ready tankard, 'is where you have the advantage. What will you be doing, landlord?'

"I told him I might manage to do a juggling turn.

" 'Good,' replied Bert. 'You should be hot at that, judging by the way you juggle with this here beer—'

"I threw a shilling in the box and told Bert what I thought about him. Then Ted Pearce mentioned that he would hope to entertain the company with a comic song of his own composition.

" 'If that's your hope,' Charlie said, 'you'd better put yourself down as an illusionist.'

"Still, we managed to knock up a programme for share-out night. Now, you recall Simple Jack; the vacant-minded fellow I mentioned in the beginning. The afternoon before the concert I met him scrounging along the lane. I asked him what he was looking for.

" 'Early greenhorns,' says Jack. 'Pleased to meet you.'

"I gave him twopence for being cute and a clip on the ear for being barmy, and told him he was welcome to come to the evening concert. Jack seldom having two coppers to rub together, poor fellow, he isn't a regular customer anywhere.

"Well, guv'nor, I won't describe our little concert to you; as no doubt you're a sophisticated bloke and more given to the West End cabarets. It was a great success, and our bar-parlour artistes worked their heads off to win that ten bob.

"Gentle Joe, being a fair-minded man, didn't compete. He'd never had to put a single coin in the swear-box, y' see. So while we had the sing-song in the bar, he took the money-box into a back room to count up the fund.

"And I gave Simple Jack the job of supplying drinks—on the house—to all comers; not forgetting Gentle Joe, who was chink, chinking away in the back room there.

"The last item on the programme was old Sam Ambrose, telling a ghost story. And a dreadful story

(Continued on page vi)



MRS. "MICHIE" GRAY

A recent portrait of the wife of Wing Commander A. W. Gray, R.A.F., who was originally in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. The above portrait was hung at Princes Galleries. Mrs. Gray is much travelled; has done some interesting flying, and is an all-round sportswoman.



Yes, she is working harder since she donned that trim outfit in Air Force blue. And she certainly finds less time for operations at the dressing table! But she still exerts the same charm and glamour that made so many conquests in the old days. Like other girls on service, with little time for studied care of beauty, she relies on Number Seven preparations. They bring fifty years of Boots' experience to help safeguard beauty in these modern, trying days.

CLEANSING CREAM 3/-, 8/6. LEMON CREAM 3/6  
 COMPLEXION MILK 3/-. SKIN TONIC 2/6, 4/6, 10/6  
 ASTRINGENT LOTION 3/6. SKIN FOOD 3/6, 10/6  
 MUSCLE OIL 2/6. HAND LOTION 2/6. FOUNDATION  
 CREAM 3/-. FOUNDATION LOTION 2/6. FACE  
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 NINE SHADES 3/- BEAUTY BOXES 12/6, 21/-,  
 55/-. AND, OF COURSE, COSMETICS, LIPSTICK,  
 ROUGE, ROUGE CREAM, EYE SHADOW AND  
 EYELASH COSMETIQUE, ALL IN MANY SHADES.



# Beauty on Service





BY M.E. BROOKE

# The Highway of Fashion



SUCH a delight is lovely lingerie at this date in the calendar; there is something about it that makes every one think of brighter and more peaceful times. Walpole's, New Bond Street, have assembled in their salons the loveliest of garments. For instance, there is the nightdress and wrapper portrayed above. The skirt portion of the former is endowed with a suspicion of a flare, the corsage being cut on slimming lines. The entire ensemble is of moonlight pink crêpe satin, enriched with lace

THAT a "happy event" is expected no longer suggests that a woman must retire from public life, and wear shapeless garments. Instead, she visits the salons of the Treasure Cot, 103 Oxford Street. She considers her foundation garments, and with the aid of a sympathetic expert selects just what may be most helpful to her during the ensuing months. It is a maternity frock that is pictured on the left of this page, carried out in lightweight wool georgette, which costs 4½ guineas

SO closely is Peggy Sage's (130 New Bond Street) name associated with manicure that at its very best, to say nothing of her manicure sets which range in price from a few shillings to many pounds, that it is overlooked that she excels in massage for the hands. Miss Peggy Sage will transform a far from attractive hand to a graceful one like the one at the top of the page with the perfectly manicured nails. By this massage, the skin is softened, the blood circulates, fingers are flexible and tiredness goes

*Pictures by Blah.*



*"Who is she?"*

Look for the name **HERSHELLE** on the label



Fortunate gulls—to be on such very friendly terms with so very lovely a lady, so gay in her new spring coat! It's a Hershelle model, superbly cut, avec l'air militaire, in a wool and angora cloth which is not only warm and light, but exceptionally attractive.

HERSHELLE models are sold by the better shops and stores everywhere. For the name of your nearest retailer write to H. Bernstein Ltd., Great Titchfield Street, London, W.1.



## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

## Today's Wedding.

The marriage will take place quietly today at Milverton, Somerset, between Captain E. R. C. Booth and Miss J. M. Brown.

## Tomorrow's Wedding.

The marriage will take place tomorrow at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, between Captain Steuart Phillpotts, Irish Guards, and Miss Finola Fitz Gerald.

## Next Week's Wedding.

The marriage will take place next Tuesday at St. Peter's Catholic Church, Winchester, between Mr. Jack Baylay, of Palace

Free Town, Sierra Leone, present address Gustard Wood, Wheat-hampstead, Herts; Major Frederick Mansel Vincent Tregear, The King's Own Scottish Borderers, elder son of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. F. C. Tregear, Forres, Morayshire, and

grandson of the late Major-General Sir V. W. Tregear, K.C.B., and Miss Elizabeth Joanna Kynaston Williams, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. K. Williams, The White Hall, Billesdon, Leicestershire, and Llwynygroes, Llanymynech, Montgomery, and granddaughter of the late James Barclay Graham, of Morphie, Kincardineshire; Sub-Lieutenant Niall Bryan Robinson, R.N.V.R., son of Sir Christopher

and Lady Robinson, of 2 Gledhow Gardens, S.W.5, and Miss Rosemary Seaton Eller, elder daughter of Mrs. M. Seaton Eller, of 17 Carlyle Square, S.W.3, and granddaughter of the late A. G. Gumpert and of Mrs. Gumpert, of 62 Cranmer Court, S.W.3; Pilot Officer Richard Haviland Haviland, R.A.F.V.R., son of the late Mr. P. C. Haviland and Mrs. Haviland, of Johannesburg, and Miss Anne Margaret Bunbury, daughter of Captain C. T. A. Bunbury, R.N., and Mrs. Bunbury, of Whitegates, Crowborough; Captain Edward Asa Thomas, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Asa Thomas, of Chailey, and Miss Patricia Marion Collingwood Fletcher, daughter of Mr. Henry Keddey Fletcher, of Brighton, and Mrs. Olive Wreford



MISS PATRICIA ANN LEVEAUX

Only daughter of the late Mr. Montague Leveaux and Mrs. Leveaux, of Adam's, Nutley Terrace, Hampstead. Her engagement is announced to Surgeon-Lieutenant John Charles Preston Bestord, elder son of the late Mr. Harry Newton Besford, and Mrs. Besford, of Hove, Sussex

Yard, Beaulieu, Hampshire, and Countess Eva Károlyi.

## Wedding Abroad.

The marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place in Bombay between Mr. David Foster, The Royal Berkshire Regiment, and Miss Stella Hughes.

## Recently Engaged.

The engagement is announced between Major James Peddie, The London Scottish, younger son of the late Rev. James Peddie and Mrs. Anderson, of The Elms, Milliken Park, Kilbarchan, Renfrewshire, and Miss Daphne Olliver, daughter of Colonel C. O. Olliver, G.O.C., Troops,



MISS KATHLEEN MARY VEALE

Elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Veale, of Cherry Trees, Harpenden, whose engagement is announced to Second Lieutenant Charles Vincent Walkerley, Royal Artillery, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Y. Walkerley of the Berrystead, Harpenden

LIEUT. AND MRS. R. E. HEATON

Who were married recently. The bride was formerly Miss Wanda Muriel Farmar, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Farmar, of Hendon. Lieutenant Richard Edward Heaton, Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry, is the second son of Lieutenant-Colonel John Heaton and Mrs. Heaton, of Prizet, Kendal

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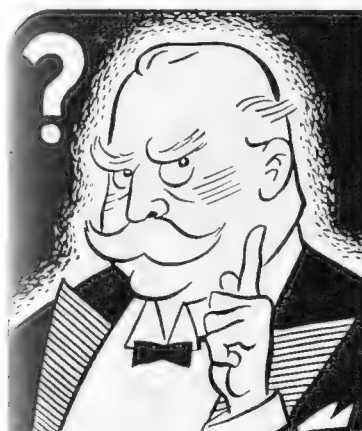
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palate, carefully cultivated, at con-  
siderable cost, over many years?



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Make it a 'GIN AND BRIT' next time!  
From your usual Wine Merchants, etc. Pro-  
duced and bottled by Vine Products Limited,  
Kingston, Surrey.



The simple pleasures of a care-free life are  
unattainable in modern times. Today, in a  
topsy-turvy world, we need the help of all the  
resources of science to maintain our health and  
our nervous forces. The article below tells you  
how you can meet the increased strain of life  
in wartime by taking an 8 weeks' course of  
'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food.

## How to win *your* 'war of nerves'

"It's surprising how many people still regard 'bad nerves' as the effect of mental strain alone", a modern doctor remarked recently. "Actually, of course, we know that a person's physical condition is equally responsible."

Biochemistry has shown the close connection between nerves and bloodstream; how the blood feeds the nerves with elements essential for their continued health and vitality. And it has taught us what these elements are. They are organic phosphorus and protein.

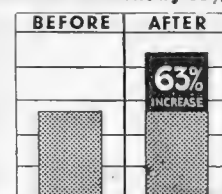
'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food supplies this essential organic phosphorus and protein in its most easily assimilable form—a form that can be easily absorbed with benefit by young and old, invalids, diabetics and children. Just as 'Genasprin' is recognised by the medical profession as the most efficacious of all brands of pain relievers, so is 'Sanatogen' acknowledged as the finest of all Nerve-Tonic Foods.

If you feel depressed, or run-down, therefore, start an eight weeks' course of 'Sanatogen' at once. Steadily and surely it will help to rebuild your nerves and replenish your blood, give you back your old vitality and increase your resistance to illness and fatigue.

That is why over 25,000 doctors have recommended 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food in writing. That is why, during the last war, a Cabinet Minister told the House of Commons that 'Sanatogen' "is a national necessity for preserving good nerves".

'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food improves nerve-nourishment by 63%.

Experiments carried out by Gumpert and an English M.D. attached to King's College Hospital, London, have shown that in addition to its own wealth of phosphorus, 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food helps you to absorb more phosphorus from ordinary diet as well. In only six days 'Sanatogen' produced an improvement of 63% in the phosphorus actually retained.



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Obtainable at all chemists in 19/9 jars (8 weeks' course) and 2/3, 3/3, 5/9 and 10/9 tins.

The words 'SANATOGEN' and 'GENASPRIN' are the Registered Trade Marks of Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.





CH. GOLDEN LADY AND  
BLACK KNIGHT OF PRIMROSE PATCH  
Property of Mrs. Smith Rewse

Victorian days. They do not know, poor dears! Give me those days every way, and we did.

I have been asked to find a home for a Bull Terrier bitch. She is young, well bred, well trained, not a fighter, quiet with all stock. Her owner has gone to Palestine and would give her to a good home, preferably in the army. Any one applying must send references.

Though the smooth Dachshund was the first to be introduced to this country, he was followed by the two other varieties. They all have the same mental characteristics and make admirable companions. Long-haired Dachshunds are handsome dogs and have a big following. Mrs. Smith Rewse has a most successful kennel. She has bred fourteen champions and winners of certificates. The photograph is of two of them—Ch. Golden Lady and Black Knight of Primrose Patch. Mrs. Smith Rewse had a wonderful winning year till the war came. Countess Maritza became a champion and Golden Sunshine became one in South America. Mrs. Smith Rewse hopes to keep on her best through the war, and breed an

## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The news has come of the passing of Miss Desborough. She was our secretary from 1906 to 1924 and much of the success of our famous Botanical Gardens shows was due to her. She retired on account of failing health. She was very popular with all our members, and had the welfare of the association at heart. We of an older generation are reminded of those brilliant shows, when we had time to look around, and had no inkling of the worries and tragedies of war. It always amuses me to hear the young scoff at the Edwardian and

occasional litter. She has been very lucky in selling what she wanted to part with.

We are so accustomed to seeing French Bulldogs quite dark in colour that one forgets that they may be any colour except black or blue. Mrs. Sugden has bred a bright golden one, whose picture appears here. Her parents are both dark and so are her ancestors. It is curious how colour sometimes crops up. Ginger is a perfect Frenchie with especially good bone, full of life and go, and active as a kitten. She has the honour of being one of the two brood bitches Mrs. Sugden is going to keep with a view to continuing her famous strain. The three old champions, Germaine, Gabrielle and Gamine have earned their rest. Mrs. Sugden is going to keep on, but only breeding an occasional litter and only the very best. This will be nothing new to her, as she always has only the very best! By the way, there are still one or two Australian Terrier puppies of Mrs. Chesney's for sale, the best of breeding, strong and healthy.



GINGER OF SILPHO  
Property of Mrs. Sugden



THREE WAR BABIES  
Property of Mrs. Miles

I do not suppose there is any one interested in dogs who has not heard of the Bellmead Kennels and its training school. It is situated at Haslemere in a safe area and therefore is excellent for parents wishing to send their daughters from London. Full training in all branches is given. The principal, Mrs. Miles, specializes in Dandies, and had some well-known winners, including the famous Ch. Belmead Delegate, many times a champion. There are a variety of puppies and young dogs for sale of all ages. The kennels are full of evacuee dogs, so Mrs. Miles and her staff are having a busy time. There are vacancies for students at present.

All letters to Miss Bruce, "Nuthooks," Cadnam Southampton.

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*When you're out to look your best*  
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*your hair*

HE'S out to look his best—and he always succeeds. Every morning he rubs a little Brylcreem into his hair and scalp. All day long his hair is controlled easily and naturally without 'plastering' or 'gumming.' And all the time the tonic ingredients in Brylcreem are nourishing the roots. Brylcreem-ed hair is 'well grown' as well as 'well groomed.' Buy a bottle or tube today.

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Neat flat boxes for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.



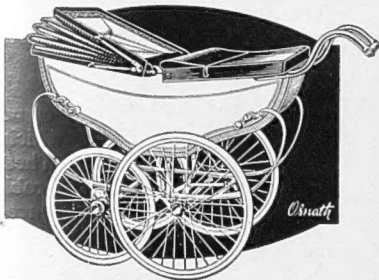
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## Words and Music

(Continued from page 160)

he told, too. It was so blood-freezing that long after he'd finished we sat still and silent, staring like a bunch of throttled cats.

"Quite silent. And suddenly, mister, I realized that the chinking had stopped from the back room. I pulled myself together, and went and looked in. But Gentle Joe had gone. And the Swear Fund had gone. Yes; nothing was left but the bare, empty box.

"And believe me, guv'nor, the things we said about Joe—well, they wouldn't have broken his thieving bones, worse luck; but they'd have filled the Swear Box seven times, to overflowing."

\* \* \*

"A sad story," I commented, as the landlord paused.

"Oh, that wasn't the end," he said, brightly. "We got him. Oh, yes; we got him in the waiting-room at the local station. The train had come and gone: but Gentle Joe was fast asleep, with our money in a bag by his side.

"And soon we discovered the way of it. Joe had given Simple Jack, who was serving round the beer, a little bottle. Rum, he said it was. And he told Jack to pour some into each man's beer, on the quiet, as a Christmas gift from Joe. But Simple Jack thought it was rough on Gentle Joe, having to work away at the money all by himself in the back room—so he poured the lot into Joe's beer. Now that bottle—as you may guess—contained what's usually known as knock-out drops."

# WARINGS

## 7 Gn. Suit Offer

FOR FEBRUARY ONLY

We have been able to secure a supply of pre-war materials in West of England suitings, worsteds, Glen check suitings, striped and plain flannels, also several designs in tweeds, and we are thus able to make our usual February offer of suits tailored in our own workrooms at the attractive price of Seven Guineas. All suits lined crepe. Small extra charge for over stock sizes. Today's value 9½ Guineas.



The suits will be in three styles:—

STYLE 1 (Illustrated left). Three-centre-button jacket. Skirt, two box pleats front, plain back. Suitable for small sizes.

STYLE 2 (Illustrated above). Link button jacket, with rounded fronts. Skirt, flat pleat centre front and back.

STYLE 3 (Not illustrated). Three-button jacket. Skirt, panel pleat at back. Inverted pleat centre front. Particularly good for fuller figure.

This offer is planned for the month of February, but as the supply of materials is limited we will only be able to continue so long as our stocks last. We therefore suggest you should place your order as early in the month as possible.

Present Day Value

9½ Gns.

During

February

7 Gns.

HATS FROM WARINGS MILLINERY DEPT.

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"Good work!" I said. "So simplicity sometimes pays."

"It does that," agreed the landlord. "Later on, six of us gave Jack half a crown apiece; and then asked him how many he'd got altogether. Just for a laugh. So Simple Jack scratched his head, and counted his six half-crowns three times, while we stood grinning.

"Why, nine," said Simple Jack. 'Y'see, Gentle Joe gave me three, for doing that there job with the bottle.'"

## Petrol Vapour—(Continued from page 156)

Strange and Wonderful View.

Any one lucky enough to be perched on the western edge of the Cotswolds the other morning would never forget the view. For mist filled the Severn valley to a height of over 900 feet, so that any one standing on the rim of the hills at this altitude seemed cut off from the world below. Far away, deep blue in the west, the tips of mountains in Wales and the Malvern Hills showed up like islands or the shore of some other country. Their long low coast line, sometimes apparently divided by the sea, was brilliantly lit by sparkling sunshine, a striking contrast to the obscurity of the valley below. I asked a man I met what hills they were that showed so plainly. "Them's not hills, but clouds," he answered. But, I persisted, it was too obvious that they were hills. And even when he said he'd been coming up to this panoram point for forty years, I stuck to my question. After a time he gave way and named the hills as the Sugar Loaf and other

Welsh peaks beyond Abergavenny, forty or fifty miles away. When I got home I consulted the map, found that the hills were another small range, of the right height to show above the mist line, but only some twenty miles distant. The ignorance of the local astonished me. Yet he was a man who had made this journey on many occasions and knew, at any rate, what hills should have been visible on a clear day. But although he'd been up and down that track for forty years he confessed that never before had he seen such wonderful effects or so lovely a view.

Why Air Balloon?

Near this viewpoint is an old inn rejoicing in the name of "Air Balloon." It stands on the edge of the Cotswolds at the crest of a hill that drops you down into Gloucester and on to the Roman road of Ermine Street. How did the inn come by such a funny name, I wonder? Recently it has sported a new sign depicting what looks like a balloon banking steeply at the mercy of the most buxom clouds. Air Balloon? Did an aeronaut force-land here at some time or did he start from this point on a trip which afterwards became so famous that the pub was named after his craft? Information on the story behind this christening will be welcomed.

\* \* \*

*First Night*, a new comedy by Reginald Denham, which is playing at the Richmond Theatre this week, is a romantic problem dealing with the intolerance of first love. Each of the characters has his or her particular psychological reaction to sex, and the manner in which these people work out their lives is the framework of a wittily written comedy in the modern manner. The period is that remote age—the summer of 1939!

The cast includes Linden Travers, Jane Millican, Tony Quinn, Beatrice Rowe, Lorraine Clewes and Peter Ustinov.

## ENGLISH HOTELS

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BOURNEMOUTH

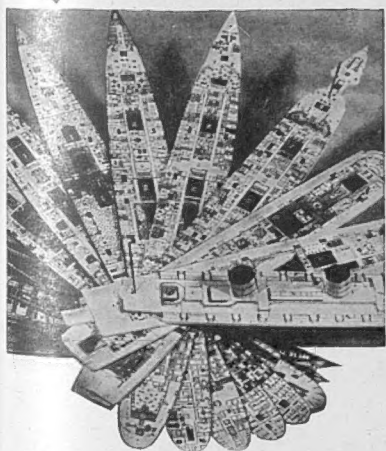
## THE MODEST VIOLET is your loss

THERE was once a wonderful commodity. It would have made your housekeeping much, much easier. It would have done the children a world of good. It would have saved you a lot of money. And yet, because it hung its head and never even mentioned its name above a whisper, you never heard about it. You never learnt what it could do for you. You never even knew what you were missing. . . . How unkind of that modest commodity! Nowadays, thank goodness, good goods ring bells and fire off guns to call attention to their shining! Thank goodness for advertising!

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## TAKE TO PIECES MODEL IN COLOUR OF R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY"



THERE are few things more intriguing and instructive than these "movable deck" models of R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY." Deck by deck the ship's wonderful interior may be examined. Correct and to scale, all decks are numbered, and details can be identified easily by reference to a guide supplied. The model is 12 inches long, price 3/6, postage and packing inland 9d. extra. Abroad 2/6 extra.

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## The Call of the CRIPPLES Help to reduce the "Waiting List"

If so many able-bodied people find life a struggle, what of the numerous crippled girls who have no influence, no job, and no hope of ever earning a livelihood if left to their own resources!

John Groom's Crippleage, founded 70 years ago, takes these girls from all parts of the country and trains them to make artificial flowers. At present there are 340 girls so engaged, many more on the "Waiting List."

The training enables these crippled girls to become self-respecting members of society—assets instead of liabilities. They soon become partially self-supporting, but the training with cost of upkeep is a severe strain upon the available funds.

*We are entirely dependent upon voluntary  
subscriptions and occasional legacies.*

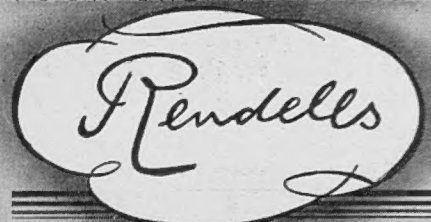
Her Majesty the Queen, as Duchess of York, visited the Crippleage at Edgware and expressed great satisfaction at the happy conditions under which the crippled girls worked.

## JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE

Come and see for yourself. Visits to Edgware Way can be arranged for any day except Saturday. Write for New Illustrated Report showing what we are doing for these crippled girls.

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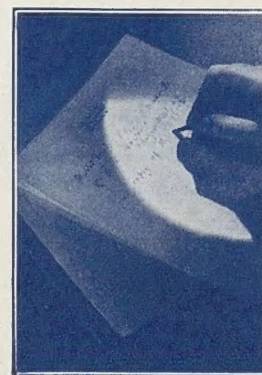
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